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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has already reached an average edition of about SIXTY THOUSAND COPIES. The circulation, which is constantly increasing, is confined to no section of the Union; and as a large proportion of the copies will be bound for permanent preservation, the *Weekly* is unquestionably one of the best advertising mediums in the country.

Although still in its infancy, *Harper's Weekly* has already been pronounced the "*best Family Paper in the Country;*" and the Publishers have made arrangements which they are confident will render it still more worthy of the favor with which it has been received. Special attention will be given to the Illustrations, of which the number, value, and beauty will be largely increased.

In reply to many inquiries, the Publishers beg to state that Mr. WILKIE COLLINS's admirable Story, "*The Dead Secret,*" was commenced in the *Third Number* of the *Weekly;* and as each number is electrotyped, the back numbers can always be supplied.

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THE CABINET.

If General Cass had been selected at once, at the outset, as Mr. Buchanan's first choice for the post of Secretary of State, the appointment would probably have been received by the country in a very different temper from that in which it is now like to be. It is understood that Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, a Southern Democrat of the national school, a man of proved ability and established character, was Mr. Buchanan's first choice; that he was violently opposed by the ultra party of the States' rights division—the fire-worshipers of the South—who put forward Mr. Robert J. Walker as their exponent; and that, in this conflict of extremes, Mr. Buchanan, in obedience to those party exigencies which frequently decide personal questions, fell back on General Cass as a succedaneum—it would be very disrespectful to say as a *pis aller*.

In this condition of things, we incline to think that General Cass's appointment will be well received. In this State, owing to the controversies growing out of the Van Buren defection of 1848, he has never been eminently popular; but with his party generally, and certainly at the West, with which he has been prominently connected for nearly half a century, General Cass has enjoyed a degree of reputation for which, perhaps, it would not be altogether easy to account. As to danger of war growing out of his appointment, with Great Britain, we look on it as a childish fear. Men of the temper of General Cass are very safe to be trusted with power. Put the responsibility upon them, and they are pretty sure not to do any thing very desperate or awful. The new President and his Premier have between them about 75 years of public labor and experience; and if, at their period of life, these two old gentlemen were to get this country into a war with a power like England, it would be a psychological phenomenon beating any thing on the records of the biologists. We believe, so far as John Bull is concerned, we can turn in for the next four years with very tranquil minds.

Our domestic condition is a very different thing; and in regard to it, our vigilance can not be too great. There is a lull in the hurricane of our sectional controversies. Let us employ it wisely to get in all needless canvas, and to put the good ship every way in trim, for no one who has watched the horizon for the last thirty-five years can doubt that we shall have the gale upon us again before long, from the one quarter or the other. Ever since the Missouri discussion, the Slavery agitation has, in one shape or another, agitated the country more or less, sometimes in this form, sometimes in that—sometimes in the foreground of our political controversies, sometimes almost out of sight—but at every reappearance coming up in an uglier and more venomous shape. All questions in regard to the *personnel* of Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet are trivial compared to its tone and complexion on this great national issue. And we have no doubt that the President so understands it.

Some things on this subject are plain, and yet they are overlooked in the eagerness of controversy. The power of this country is slowly but steadily receding from the Atlantic sea-board, and fixing itself in the West. At this moment the States of the Centre and the Northwest hold the sceptre of empire. New York and Pennsylvania, with Indiana and Illinois, and the vast country stretching beyond them to the Mississippi River, could have revolutionized the government last fall by electing Colonel Frémont. They can do it in 1860 in the same way. They can do it whenever they please.

Nor is this merely the power of votes. The Middle and Western States have the strength of men, the strength of money, and the strength of organization. They have a race of sons as hardy as the pioneers of the Southwest, and more of them—they have the capital, and they have the railroads. We lay out of view the sections of the East or Northeast and the South, both representing extreme interests and extreme views, and it is as plain to him who runs as to him who reads that the power of this Union lies in the States of the Centre and West, and that its duration depends on the wisdom, the sagacity, and the temper with which those States shall use this power.

It is again evident that the great benefits of the Union enure to the States of the North. Be it owing to slavery, or to whatever you please to ascribe it, it is manifest that the great advantages of the present state of things result to the Free States. Many of the Southern States are making comparatively little or no progress. There is no Northern State that has not grown enormously in wealth and power since the year 1787. The consequence is inevitable, that the feeling of attachment to the Union, the sense of its importance and its blessings, is stronger at the North than at the South. The indisposition to risk its safety will, therefore, be greater here than at the other end of the country. The result is, that the most powerful portion of the Union is the most interested in its welfare—most keenly feels its value—and is most strenuous in its support and preservation. This is well as it is.

But, on the other hand, the fact that the South is weaker than the North—that the power of the government is steadily concentrating in the Free States—makes the South dread the abuse of that power, and leads them to seek a bond of union among themselves. That bond is the Slavery question; and to strengthen that bond it becomes a matter both of feeling and of interest in the Southern States to get control of the Federal Power, to augment the number of Slaveholding States, and thus to increase the force and efficacy of the Southern portion of the Union. Here is the danger that threatens us.

Fortunately, as yet, there is no material division of interests answering to the sectional division on the Slavery question. The Tariff and the Bank questions answered to no geographical lines. The Kansas-Nebraska controversy was mixed up with no direct property interests or issues. Most fortunately, we say, the sectional divisions are, as yet, only of feeling and not of material interest. Still, if the Federal Government is to be looked on, to be treated, and to be used as a mere machine, on the one side, for increasing the number and power of the Slave States, on the other, for augmenting the number and power of the Free States—if the country is repeatedly to divide on this issue, which must, from its very essence, be a sectional one—if the passions of our people are to be inflamed every four years as they have been for the last six months by excited orators and a partisan press—it is sheer folly and presumption to suppose that the Union can stand. It will go to pieces inevitably, and in no long time.

There is one man in the country that can prevent this, and but one; and he can prevent it in spite of all the demagogues, blusterers, fanatics and fire-eaters from Maine to California, and that man is the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Call him by what name you will, Andrew Jackson, Zachary Taylor, or James Buchanan, the President of the United States, with the power of appointment and the Veto power in his hands, can, if he chooses, hold in check the ultras of all quarters and all sections.

As for Mr. Buchanan, no man ever stood in a better position than he occupies to accomplish this very thing. The Democracy owes him a great deal more than they can possibly flatter themselves that he owes them. They could have elected no one else, and that they have elected him is owing to the Union feeling of the Central States. To this feeling, at that time strongly pervading the whole North, General Pierce owed his election too, but he never seems to have discovered it.

We believe that Mr. Buchanan's optics are of a clearer sort. We believe that he is fully resolved that during his administration the Federal Government shall not be used for the purpose of promoting any sectional interest, but that, steadfastly adhering to the grand and truly American idea of local sovereignty, the great powers of the Union shall be firmly and impartially administered between the two sections of the country; that the Federal Government shall occupy itself with its legitimate cares; and that its powers shall not be warped into a selfish, sectional, and unconstitutional direction for the purpose of strengthening either part of the Union against the other.

THE CODE.

THE world is falling under the dominion of written law. Common law—customary law—tradition—usage—is every where giving place to precise, written, statutory enactments. Out of this striking feature of our age grows the demand for a code—a condensed body of statute laws, which shall define our rights and duties.

The statute law of England is now being revised by a commission, of which Sir Fitzroy Kelly is the head. It is authoritatively stated that he has given up half his practice, that half being equivalent to £7000 per annum, to superintend the labor. It is expected that the fifty or sixty volumes of English statute law will be condensed into four or five, and the labors of the commission are proceeding on the assumption that Parliament will adopt their work when done, without alteration, amendment, or examination. If this shall prove the result, it will be the most stupendous instance of "confidence" on record, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly may well be called the greatest "confidence man" of his time.

The bill now before the Legislature appointing three eminent legal gentlemen from this city a commission to prepare a code for this State, brings the subject up practically before us, and the measure is second in importance to none that can be presented to legislative or to public consideration. It should be discussed with a single reference to the great interests that it is intended to affect.

In the first place, for such a work *time* is wanted. If a code of civil and criminal law were passed with the indecent and trifling haste that marked the adoption of our Code of Procedure, the youngest child now living, were he to live twice threescore years and ten, could not hope to see order take the place of the chaos that would be thus engendered. Unless we are prepared patiently to wait the result of years of learned, skillful, and concentrated labor, the idea of a Code Commission is a piece of presumptuous folly.

In the second place, the commission should be numerous enough to represent all the diversified interests of the State. Lawyers in Steuben County can not prepare a code for New York. Lawyers in New York can not make a code for Montgomery. All the legal knowledge of the State must be fairly represented in the commission.

In the third place, no exclusive party character must be given to the work. This is too plain for argument. No mortal can tell what political party will have the upper hand when the Commission reports, and if the work were regarded as the production or offspring of any one political faction, it would no doubt be remorselessly birth-strangled by their opponents if they had the power.

These three things must then unite: time—full representation of the legal interests to be affected—freedom from all party character. If these elements are combined, a work may be produced which would not only do credit to the State of New York, but which might serve as a code for the other States; which might be adopted by the sister members of the confederacy, and thus tend to assimilate, consolidate, and perpetuate the Union. If these requisites are not secured the thing can only be a disgraceful botch, pregnant with danger to our dearest interests.

Whether, in the present state of things—groaning as we are under the intricacies and perplexities of a very unsatisfactory judicial system, laboring to reduce to order and intelligible system the novelties of the Code of Procedure—whether, if all the requisites could be secured, the present moment is an auspicious one to select for throwing the whole jurisprudence of New York into *pi*, is a question we very willingly leave to the wisdom of the State to decide.

WHEN SHALL WE MARRY?

WE know what old Tenpercent will say: "Marry when you can afford it." That is Tenpercent's answer; and he will not let his daughter go on any less easy terms, although he has money enough to support a dozen or more asylums for widows and orphans. His "when you can afford it," according to the expansive views of the times, means something very different from what it did when Tenpercent, in his youth and poverty, took his Polly to be his wedded wife, for better or for worse, to love and cherish; and is something so magnificent, that only the heir of fortune, or the happy holder of a great prize in the lottery of life, after some forty years or more trial of luck, can possibly compass.

We agree with the political economists, for the most part, that it is essential, as a check to pauperism, for a man to consider before he marries whether he has, or is likely to have, the wherewithal to support a family. We do not think it prudent that any one should inconsiderately—like the old woman in the shoe—burden himself or herself with so many children that he or she may be puzzled what to do. This question, however, of affording to marry, has a very wide expanse of solution. Paddy considers himself entitled to the privilege of matrimony when all his worldly goods are comprised in a bellyful of potatoes. Young America must have a brown-stone house, tapestry carpets, and five thousand dollars a year, at least, before he can venture to become a Benedict.

We shall so far give in to the prudent view of the question, as to grant that it is wise to consider the prospects of a youthful suitor for your daughter's hand. But is it wise to be too exacting? Is it not safe to have some faith in character, health, and the devotion of a young and loving heart? Can you not give long or short credits connubially, as you do commercially; and is it not possible that it may turn out equally to your advantage, and that you may secure happiness for your child by the one, as you have fortune by the other? Take your hands out of your pockets, old Tenpercent, and give a filial embrace to Tom Sprightly, that promising young clerk of yours, and intrust to him your daughter (giving them both enough out of your abundance to help them along in life), as you have long since your more dearly-beloved cash on account. Society, we know, matrimonially and otherwise, is inexorable. Nature, too, is inexorable, and has an interest in the question "When shall we marry?" which should be considered.

Leaving out of the calculation three-story brown-stone houses and five-hundred-dollar cashmere shawls, which terribly perplex the question, and indefinitely postpone its solution, we, if asked "When shall we marry?" should answer to the connubially-disposed, be she woman, "Marry at the age of nineteen, or thereabout;" be he man, "Marry at one-and-twenty, or not much beyond." We are looking at the question, just now, only in its physical bearings, and consider our rule as being more especially peremptory amidst the excitements of a highly-inflammatory town life, than in the repose of a comparatively stagnant rustic existence.

The pale faces, *dragged* expressions, meagre frames, and invalid constitutions of our women, have been attributed to their early marriages. This is, however, an error, as is well known to the observant physician, who will tell you that the mischief has all been done previous to matrimony, and that this, if not always a specific, is one of the best correctives of the difficulty. Most female disorders, whatever they may be,

which make up three-fourths of the whole nosology, are easily traceable to the "hope deferred" of an unnaturally-excited nuptial longing. The whole tendency of our social habits, especially in the large cities, is to foster what the disorganizing friends of the *Tribune* would call "the passional harmonies" between the sexes.

Look at our boys and girls, still redolent of bread and butter, ogling each other in the street, like so many veteran Chesterfields and Pompadours. Look at them warming in the intimacy of the waltz and the redowa, at the nightly balls of the season, before the very faces of their mammas reddened with sham(e)—blushes of the deepest rouge. Look at them carrying on their coquetries at lecture-room, opera-house, and even within the precincts of home, in the front parlor—however, recollect, with the folding-doors closed. Look at all this precocious development of the connubial instincts—this always thinking of matrimony, and never doing it (according to the Prayer Book, at any rate)—and tell us, old Tenpercent, whether it is safe to put it off until that indefinite future "of being able to afford it" may arrive.

The natural period for the union of the sexes is that epoch when the growth is fully reached. This, of course, varies in individuals and races, but may be set down at an average of about sixteen for the female and eighteen for the male. As, on the approach, and at the time of this consummation of man or woman, there is more or less water of crystallization, if we may use a chemical illustration, which has not yet taken an organic form, or evaporated, it is well to postpone matrimony for two or three years, until the male, as we have already stated, will have reached the age of twenty-one, and the female that of nineteen years.

We know the social difficulties, and we are not disposed to make light of them; but with the artificial notions prevalent, particularly among the wealthier classes in the large cities, these difficulties are made heavier than necessary, and than can be safely borne. Granting that early marriages can not be indulged in with a due regard to prudence, then we should change the whole system of our fashionable habits, which are constantly leading on the young to the altar, not to receive an offering, but to find themselves a sacrifice. The only corrective that we know of for the evils to health and morals, produced by the inordinate pecuniary conditions attached to matrimony by the rich, who can best afford to be generous, and are least so in this respect, would be to put cowls upon our sons and vails upon our daughters, and thrust them within the iron bars of the convent or monastery, that flagellation may beat out the natural Adam of the one, and fasting may starve out the natural Eve of the other. With the present system, we shall only succeed in making rakes of our young men, and puling, invalid spinsters of our young women.

Consider well the fact, that not only is a single life unfavorable to health of body, but even to health of mind, and that both hospitals and lunatic asylums give, in their terrible records, the most emphatic assertion of the dangers of a compulsory celibacy. So much for the physical advantage of early marriages. We shall leave the moral view of the question to be revealed by the preacher, who, perhaps, will tell us, for virtue's sake, "When shall we marry?"

THE BRAVE DEAD.

Of all the men who, twelve months since, promised to fulfill a destiny of honor and glory for themselves and this country, not one can be mentioned whose promise was so fair as Dr. Kane's. He had not reached the maturity of manhood; yet in him were united fullness of science, ripeness of judgment, and, we might almost say, completeness of fame. At an age when city-bred youth can hardly earn a livelihood, Elisha Kane was solving problems of highest interest to science in the Eastern Archipelago, sounding the unexplored volcanoes of Luzon, braving the untamed savages of the Philippines, and gathering, on the deadly soil of Borneo, a rich harvest of scientific facts. From that day to the hour of his death he never knew what rest or idleness was. When the most perilous deed for a surgeon in the United States navy was to confront the fever on the African station, he was there; when the war broke out in Mexico, he was there, half surgeon, half soldier; now fighting desperately with a band of Mexicans, and now throwing down his sword to dress the wounds he had inflicted. When there was no further danger to be encountered in the ordinary service of his country, he again enrolled himself in that of science; the surgeon again became a traveler and philosopher, and wrote the history of the noblest American expedition that ever sailed from these shores. He failed in his immediate object—Sir John Franklin probably died of starvation while the Grinnell searchers, drifting out of Lancaster Sound, waited for a like fate. But Dr. Kane had resolved in his mind that the pole was surrounded by open water. Again he tempted the polar ice—a sailor now, as once a soldier—so nearly perished that years will probably go by ere another crew will venture to repeat his experiment; but triumphantly vindicated the justice of his reasoning and the truth of his theory.

Returning home from this last expedition, welcomed by the whole people of the United States as a cherished son, not only without an enemy but without a lukewarm admirer, Dr. Kane was indeed an enviable man. He had shown, in the various difficult and trying positions he had occupied, that he possessed some of the rarest and noblest of human qualities—perfect courage, coolness, and self-reliance; extensive knowledge of human nature, and of science; determination unsurpassed; feminine gentleness, honor unspotted, bright and genial wit. What might not have been augured of such a man?

He staid with us just long enough to perceive that the fatal disease was at work; he left us to die.

In another column the reader will find some notice of the ceremonies which have commemorated his decease, as well here as at the place where he died; they possess a melancholy interest. But words can not describe the loss that his premature death has inflicted upon the country.

THE ALLIANCES OF SOUTH AMERICA.

WHILE Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, were busy settling to their satisfaction the balance of power in Europe, the States and Republics of South America, in humble imitation of their example, were also engaged in a somewhat similar undertaking. It must be admitted that the political condition of the southern half of our own continent receives but little attention at our hands. Revolutions come and go unheeded. But the convulsions through which the Spanish-American Republics seem destined to struggle should not be passed by as unworthy of notice, and neither the statesman nor the philanthropist can fail to make them an object of close study. They are important in proportion as they influence, for better or worse, the development of a vast and splendid country, or the establishment of a trade the extent of which it is impossible to foresee. The future of South America is one of the greatest of unsolved problems; it is one in which we, above all other nations, are deeply concerned; and recent movements on the part of some of the leading States are significant enough at least to excite curiosity, and a desire for further information.

We have seen that Chili, Peru, and Ecuador have, by recent treaty, entered into an offensive and defensive alliance—each State binding itself to assist the other in the emergency of foreign invasion. It is reported, and we believe on reliable authority, that the formation of a similar alliance is contemplated by Brazil, Venezuela, and New Granada. In the treaty signed by Peru, Chili, and Ecuador, other Spanish-American States are invited to unite with them for the common good, and there is reason to expect that the Argentine Confederation, Paraguay, Uruguay, and Bolivia, will accept the proposal. In this union, then, there would be seven Republics, with a combined population of about six and a half millions, spread over a territory of some two and a half millions of square miles. The opposition alliance, composed of Brazil, Venezuela, and New Granada, would represent a population of about nine millions and a half, and a territorial extent of nearly four millions of square miles. According to present indications, it appears that the South American continent is about to become the theatre of these two great and necessarily antagonistic divisions. They may be productive of good or evil, but we are inclined to accept the better omen. It is, of course, impossible to predict what effect they will have upon the future development of the country, or upon the progress of civilization and good government. But were these alliances firmly established, and could one State find it impossible to go to war without embroiling the whole continent in its feud, we fancy that civil commotion and petty strifes—that eat away a nation's strength—would decrease and finally disappear, and the peoples of Spanish-America would abandon the game of revolution, and turn to the more peaceful and profitable pursuits of cultivation and commerce.

Brazil, which stands at the head of one alliance, has always been regarded, from her conservative tendencies, as the most flourishing State in South America. The laws in that empire are strictly and justly enforced; the rights of individuals are recognized, and to the foreign merchant in pursuit of his legitimate business ample security is given. Brazil has a formidable army, and a navy that numbers altogether some forty vessels. On the other hand, Chili is the leading spirit in the opposition alliance. Though she is poor in comparison with Peru, her reputation stands much higher among nations. Her government is the purest Republican, and her citizens are braver, more industrious, and freer than any other people south of the Rio Grande. Peru has abundant wealth. She derives an enormous revenue from the Chincha Islands. But this has been her chief trouble; for her statesmen, too greedy of gain, have worked for their own instead of for their country's interests. Hence the uninterrupted succession of revolutions with which Peru has been burdened since the day she cast off the Spanish yoke.

Time will show more definitively the object with which these alliances have been formed. At present it would seem to be the design of Chili and Peru to check the encroachments of Brazil, whose ambition lies as much in territorial extension as it does in a desire to influence, and, if possible, control, the governments of Spanish-America.

BOARDING OUT.

HOME and its virtues are the great conservative influence to which especially our country is to look for its security against anarchical disorder. This is the centripetal force which is to counteract the tendency of our people to fly off with their freedom of movement into all the confusion of heterodox opinion and irregularity of conduct. Nowhere as in the United States is political stability so essentially dependent upon social morals; and since these find their best support in domestic life, it behooves us to cultivate home and its virtues, not only for the happiness of the individual but for the security of the state. There is, however, a social practice, so common among us that it may be almost called an American institution, the tendency of which, we can not but think, is destructive of the good influences of home, and therefore opposed to the best interests of our people. We allude to the hotel and boarding-house life, which has become so common as it seems to us will justify some remark upon its disadvantages.

The necessary transitoriness of this mode of existence is of itself a sufficient objection to the boarding-house system. There can be no concentration of feeling and constancy of sentiment where there is a continual shifting of object. Life is thus changing its scenes with the rapidity of the play-house, now dropping its curtain upon the characters and circumstances first presented, and again raising it upon something new and strange. What becomes of the earnestness of the heart when it is at the sport of such rapid transitions and startling contrasts? How can liking be strengthened into friendship, and sympathy into affection, when kept constantly rising and sinking on these fluctuations of emotion? How are we to forge that strongest bond of society, the power of association, out of perpetually moving elements? The world, in fact, is turned literally into a stage, and its men and women into merely players, acting, and only *acting*, their many parts. There is none of the sober earnestness of life possible in a system which is but a theatrical mockery of society, where the characters and scenes, always varying and shifting, can only present a passing show and produce a temporary excitement.

Apart from the convenience of travel, the most common motive which persuades to the mode of living alluded to is economy. But it is quite clear that this idea of economy is founded upon a false standard of the necessities of life. If the tastes of our people were better regulated, and mere show was not preferred to substance, there would be less resort to the hotel or boarding-house on the plea of money-saving. If gingerbread furniture, damask curtains, tapestry carpets, and a French cook are essential to happiness, there is no doubt they can be secured in greater perfection and at a less price by the gregarious hotel system than by individual effort. Such luxuries, however, as we all know, are not essential to happiness, and however permissible as superfluous enjoyments, they certainly are too dearly paid for when at the expense of domestic virtue and happiness.

Young Nincompoop marries a wife out of a family which, with its expansive ideas of style, is living to the full stretch of its means. Mrs. N. has been brought up in luxury, of course; her tender feet have never pressed any thing less soft than velvet, and her delicate hands have never been roughened with a kitchen implement. It will not do, certainly, to expose so graceful a being, and one so tenderly nurtured, to the hard necessities of plain simplicity and household duty. What if she were found out by the fashionable Mrs. Brown in a two-story house, and no damask curtains in the parlor, and perhaps caught by that fastidious lady with her arms up to the shoulders in a dough-trough! Nincompoop has too much regard for Mrs. N.'s and her family's respectability, to expose it to a tarnish from a fashionable sneer of Mrs. B. or any of the censorious world. N.'s small income, however, will not suffice to secure a fashionable establishment of his own, so he provides the next best, and not very dissimilar, thing—a fashionable boarding-house, where Mrs. N. can practice all the gentilities within the somewhat restricted means of her husband. At the same cost comfort can be obtained—though it be simple and rather too modest to suit the garish eyes of prevailing taste—and what is better, a home, which the hotel, with its flaring exposure, can never supply, for the culture of the domestic virtues and affections.

There may be some ground for the complaint of a scarcity, in some of our metropolitan cities, of small houses suitable for persons of moderate means. If this be so, it is probably owing to the stilted ideas of our people, who, in accordance with their expansive views, must be grandly lodged; for it would seem improbable that, in our trading community, the supply could ever fall short of the demand, whatever be the marketable product. If the dearness of land in our largest towns prevents the erection of such houses as would only return a moderate rent, why not build tenements with *flats* as in Edinburgh, or a multiplicity of *étages* as in Paris? Houses thus constructed secure, at a cost graduated to the means of a great variety of tenants, to the occupant of each story all the completeness of a separate house, with the seclusion and privacy of an individual home. Any thing would be better than the publicity and indolence of boarding-house life, which it is feared is productive of serious injury to the morals and manners of our people, and especially of some of our women. It is a noticeable fact that most of the great crimes, as is true of the Burdell tragedy now under investigation, have been more or less associated with the mode of living we now deprecate. If we desire to behold in our wives the "neat excellence" of household virtue, we must withdraw them from the flaunting habits of an exposed public life to the retirement of home, where alone those domestic qualities can be cultivated which so greatly adorn the female character, and are the very foundation of social morals, as they are the necessary supports of the stability of a free government.

THE CREDIT MOBILIER IN NEW YORK.

FROM Havana, we learn that the universal and omnipotent Credit Mobilier has established a branch in the island of Cuba, for the benefit of the ignorant planters. This is easily understood. Four years ago, or even not quite so far back, money was worth twenty-four per cent. per annum at Havana; it is now abundant at four or five. So much for sugar; and M. Pereire's friends and imitators naturally desire their share of the golden overflow.

It is not generally understood that an institution bearing no little resemblance to the Credit Mobilier of Paris, and supposed to be connected with it, has been for some time in existence in this city under the unobtrusive title of the Bank of ——. Why it has been so quiet, and the world has heard so little of it, is matter of conjecture. Perhaps our press here has not generally taken such a view of the parent institution as would encourage the off-shoot to boast of its descent.

WASHING DIRTY LINEN IN PUBLIC.

THE foreign papers are full of the corruption case at Washington. One English newspaper, an organ of the liberal party, ventures to console us with the assurance that they are as badly off there. But the Continental journals copy all the stories about Congressional corruption with evident relish. Some of them have discovered by this time that Mr. Banks is white, not black, and that members of Congress do not spend their leisure in pulling timber on the roads, though they may divert themselves by log-rolling. But they are all unanimous on the corruption of Congress. When the report of the Committee reaches them, we shall have some fine homilies on the natural tendency of republican institutions to debase the character and deprave the heart. The Tories of England, the Imperialists of France, and the Conservatives of Austria and Russia will be in perfect ecstasies of delight at our apparent short-comings; and the cause of Republicanism will receive a serious check. So much for scandal!

LO, A PLUTARCH!

THE professions are now four—law, medicine, theology, and biography. The last of these is most overstocked. A biographical epidemic has been raging for ten years. "Personal Reminiscences," "Footprints of Genius," "Autobiographies," Lives of the Poets, living and dead, English and American; Lives of Kings and Queens, Elizabeths and Nell Gwynnes, Rachels and Delilahs; sketches of living editors, mountebanks, infant prodigies, and adult dolts, all pour from the press by thousands, till the weary reviewer sighs, and exclaims, "Alas! a *great* many men, but not many *great* men!"

In France the contagion rages even more than here. Eugène de Mirecourt has flooded Paris with the lives of every man or woman who has seen a printer's devil or stood behind the green baize of a metropolitan stage. The scientific Arago and the licentious Paul de Kock read their own lives, hot from the press, on the same day. The young dandies of the Boulevards lay aside their lavender kids and take up the lavender-colored books (lavender's the only wear), where the tragic Rachel and the matchless Ristori elbow the dissolute Dumas *Père*, or the unfortunate Gérard de Nerval. Virtue and vice, genius and mediocrity, all walk arm in arm together before this ruthless invader of home firesides. All that is very good, or all that is very bad, equally subserve his purpose. His collection of celebrities alone would be a kaleidoscope of the noblest living characters of France; but avarice, pandering to a vitiated taste, has added

a kaleidoscope of notorieties who, however they may suit the atmosphere of Paris, are synonyms for indelicacy at least, wherever the word purity is not an obsolete term.

The pillory and stocks are abolished as ancestral barbarities; their use was regulated by law; but neither virtue, modesty, nor law can now protect him whose exhibition in a biographical pillory is likely to gratify the vanity of friends, or to reward the cupidity of the avaricious.

Well, anacondas, gnats, and fleas are all useful members of society—they are all good for something; and there is hardly any thing that is wholly bad, even that baddest of bad things, a bad man.

And so this mania has its advantages. There are some minds to whom the life of Jack Sheppard is as instructive as that of Thomas à Kempis or Bishop Butler. All biographies are not to be read by women and children. The skillful physician extracts information from the dissection of bodies putrid with disease, where the tyro in anatomical studies would see only corruption and experience disgust. In like manner the psychologist studies with profit the worst as well as the best of men. *Les Confessions* of Jean Jacques Rousseau would be poison to many *men*, while Boswell's "Life of Johnson" might be read with profit and pleasure by a bread-and-butter *maiden*, and yet both are instructive books. The one, like a *paté de foie gras* (to use the simile of a well-known writer), owes its very excellence to disease; it is the unfolding of an unhealthy soul. The other is the record of a sterling, genuine mind, but by a writer to whom the same simile is, perhaps, applicable in a lesser degree; for to be a Boswell is to be less than man—prince of toadies as well as prince of biographers! The author of *Les Confessions* is, among autobiographers, what Boswell is among biographers—peerless. He discloses more of his character by what he conceals than by what he relates.

But for one book at all approaching in character either of these two, a thousand appear, whose only recommendation is, that they encourage the paper-and-ink trade. They are long-spun epitaphs which are generally equivalent to lies; for there is no spot on earth containing so many flat lies as a grave-yard, thus belieing the old adage that dead men tell no lies. The heroes of these books are every thing that is great and good, although they have never been heard of beyond the circle of their own friends. Their eager encomiasts chronicle every incident of their lives from infancy to senility, and launch at the weary public in two volumes octavo, what, at best, is worthy of only a very small page. If one of these infant geniuses snatch a feather from an unlucky barn-yard fowl that strays too near its cradle, it is immediately noted down as a prognostic of the greatness of the future *writer*, who would seize the pen while yet in swaddling-clothes. At seven years of age Billy puts the high stool against his father's library, climbs up, and gets down Homer's Iliad, with other standard works, and amuses himself by tearing the leaves into small bits, which are thrown out of the window "*to make snow*." This innocent and pretty little sport is thus chronicled by our modern Plutarch: "Before completing his eighth year, our young phenomenon had *gone through* Homer's Iliad, Xenophon's Cyropedia, Old Mother Goose, Polybius, Herodotus, Thucydides, Goody Two-Shoes, and Robinson Crusoe!" He goes with careful detail into his lineage, and devotes a quarter of a volume to a history of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, and how they all got married; and perhaps manages to get Master Phenomenon born at sea, or on top of a stage-coach, in order that, like Homer, eight cities may claim him.

Pray, Messrs. Plutarch, tell us of somebody who was either very bad, or very good, or very any thing, but very characterless. Do not place mediocrity on pedestal. Your great ancestor made his heroes of colossal size, but *he* selected *only* heroes. Go and do likewise, or else listen to the following story:

There was a noble Venetian who lived in the sixteenth century, named Charles Magius. Being a man of much energy and talent, he was invested by his republic with the command of a body of troops sent to repel an invasion of the Isle of Cyprus, made by the Ottomans, in 1571. He was there taken prisoner by the Turks, and made a slave. After remaining in servitude for some years, his age and infirmities induced his master to sell him to some Christian merchants, in consequence of which he was soon enabled to return to Venice. During his absence his enemies had been continually calumniating him, while his family, owing to their having had no communication with him during his captivity, were compelled to preserve an indignant silence. His sudden reappearance stopped the tongue of slander, and enabled him to reinstate himself in the favor of the Senate, and to pass the remainder of his days in tranquillity and happiness. His first duty, however, after his return, was to write a history of his life, adventures, and sufferings, wherein he described all the places he had visited, the battles he had fought, his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, where he was made a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, and his travels to Rome, through Egypt, Syria, etc. And now, voluminous Plutarch! how many pages do you think all these details occupied?

Just *eighteen!*

And what do you think the book was?

A painted biography!

This precious volume consisted of a series of highly-finished miniature paintings on vellum, many of which were executed by Paul Veronese and others, after the style of Claude Lorraine. Each page contained one large centre-piece surrounded by several small ones, so that the eighteen pages may be said to have been divided into many chapters. The book represented all the principal incidents of his life, together with beautiful landscapes of the countries and cities he had visited.

We heartily recommend those little great men who now think they are traveling a short road to immortality, by spawning their lives on a weary public, to follow the example of Charles Magius. So their lives shall be a contribution to art, if not to literature.

THE LAST REFUGE OF IMPOSTORS.

OUR country friends, we hope, have by this time learned by experience that persons who advertise that they will communicate valuable trade secrets, and so forth, in reply to a letter addressed to A. B., Broadway Post-office, and inclosing one dollar, are merely clumsy rogues, who work very hard for a poor living, and hardly dare sleep for fear of the police. But every body may not be aware of the last trick of this class of sharpers. It is to advertise in the daily papers that a teller is required for a bank (not named), and that applicants will be good enough to address such and such initials, such a Post-office, *inclosing a three cent stamp*. The author of this poor trick is a man of moderate desires; three cents are all he wants to steal at a time. No doubt the trick may net him a couple of dollars—for which, we venture to say, he will have worked harder than any mechanic in the city, or even any laborer on railroad or canal.

CHAT.

THE PROLONGED FAREWELL.

IT turns out, then, that we were right in wiping our eyes, and consoling ourselves with the hope that Monsieur Thalberg might be persuaded to postpone his departure. We are not to be bereaved, as we were prematurely led to believe by Monsieur's own announcement, the coming spring, nor the coming winter, nor—as long, in fact, as there is a dollar in the pocket of that most prodigal of people, the American public.

The great pianist has become a permanent institution, having installed himself as lessee of the New York Academy of Music, of which—for a consideration of twenty-four thousand dollars—he will have control for a year, dating from September next. The condition of forty nights of opera during that period will secure variety, which we shall require as a relief; for it will not be long before the manipulations of the skillful fingers of the pianist will have passed the public into that condition of magnetic stupor, better known as a state of being bored.

When we deduct the excitement of fashion, the influence of the ever-blowing gales of editorial puffing, and the mere curiosity of seeing a supposed notability, how much of the success of a popular performer shall we have to put down to a love of art? Whatever may be the cause, however, there is but little flagging as yet of the Thalberg mania. At the present date, the two last farewell concerts have begun again, and negro Pompey, in a tarnished livery, borrowed from the theatrical wardrobe near by, is emptying his chocolate and ice-creams into the laps of moire antique, at the third and last (of course) series of *matinées*.

The infection of the *matinées* is taking throughout the country, and fashion is already preparing, in Boston and Philadelphia, for the attack. Thalberg flits to the latter place shortly, for a brief period, taking with him, it is rumored, his *fidus Achates*, the indispensable Brown; the *purveyor of fashion* can be spared by the *living* during these forty days of Lent; as for the *undertaker*, let us hope there may be no need of him in the mean time.

VISITORS EXPECTED.

The Expected Revolutionist.—Ledru Rollin is expected here. He, as we all know, was one of the chief conspirators who got up a scarecrow of a revolution which frightened poor old Louis Philippe from his throne, and sent him scampering out of his kingdom, leaving his whiskers behind him in his hurry. Ledru Rollin had a fright, too, in his turn, when Louis Napoleon smashed with one blow the republic, and flung away the pieces. Rollin was one of those pieces, and has not been able to fit himself into any thing like a satisfactory place since. He has been tossing uneasily about Europe, taking good care to avoid France, which, to such as he, is the sure road to Cayenne and death; and now proposes, *pour passer le temps*, to visit us Cis-atlantic republicans.

It must surprise these hot-headed revolutionists and socialists to find, on their arrival here, how they plump into the coldest kind of bath, as far as sympathy is concerned. There are no such conservatives, after all, as we Americans. With liberty of person and security of property, we have the greatest possible reason to be satisfied with our state, and do not care to have it disturbed by any foreign agitation, be it political or social.

If Ledru Rollin comes to the United States, he will have to make up his mind to lead a quiet, orderly life, like his friend and old confederate, Caussidière, for example, who, once the terror of Paris, is now settled down in New York as the most harmless of citizens and respectable of wine-merchants. Our country, with its practical notions of good citizenship, has a very sobering effect upon the erratic fancies of revolutionists and impracticable agitators. Wild Irish demagogues get tamed, comb their shaggy locks, cut their claws, and losing their lion-like ferocity, become very harmless domestic animals. The reddest of the French republicans cast their foul linen and fouler philosophy, trim their beards, and are metamorphosed into clean-faced, decent citizens. Let Ledru-Rollin come, and while we promise him a welcome, we insure the country against danger. Let him but taste the lotus-fruit of liberty, and he will find that "in a little while his lips are dumb."

The Expected Artist.—Horace Vernet, the artist, according to all the world, is coming too, to paint a furlong or so of picture for the Capitol. If his French friends are to be believed, he has great expectations of this land of the dollar. Three hundred thousand dollars (!) is said to be the sum of his lowest calculations for a six months' work among us. Vernet is a great worker, and wields a seven-leagued brush, as the miles of his painted canvas in Versailles testify. Give him verge and room enough, and we doubt not his canvas will soon so cover the walls of Congress that there will not be an inch left for the touch of a native brush.

Horace Vernet is sixty-eight years of age, having been born in the year 1789, in the very midst of art, for his birth-place was the Gallery of the Louvre, at Paris. He has an hereditary claim to his profession. His father, Carle Vernet, painted cavalry pieces under the consulate of Napoleon; his grandfather, Claude Joseph Vernet, was an eminent marine painter under Louis XV.; and his great-grandfather, Antoine Vernet, was celebrated as an artist at Avignon. Horace Vernet has the credit of having been among the first to represent, in opposition to the painter David, the French soldier with his clothes on, and not in *nudis naturalibus*, as the cold, classical artists had insisted, in spite of decency and the thermometer. During the military furor of the Empire, the brush of Horace Vernet was in great request, and his expansive art soon crowded the walls of the Luxembourg and Versailles. He went over the conquests of Napoleon with as rapid and brilliant a dash as that prompt victor himself. The battles of Jemmapes, Valmey, Hanau, Montmirail, Freidland, Wagram, Jena, and Fontenay, are among his martial triumphs. Under a new dynasty came fresh triumphs for France, and fresh pictorial demands for the ready artist. A whole gallery, called the Constantine, in the palace of Versailles, was appropriated for the illustration of the Algerine campaigns, and Vernet soon covered its walls; and, among other paintings, produced the "Taking of Smalah," which is reputed to be the most wide-spread canvas in existence.

Popular and prolific, Vernet, if he comes to these United States, will be sure to paint expansively, and in a manner to gratify our national taste for brilliant dash and vividness of color.

With Horace Vernet the long line of the artists Vernet is likely to end, as his only child is a daughter, who survives, we believe, her husband, the artist Delaroche, who died a few months ago.

The Expected Word-Painter.—We may, perhaps, have a sight, too, of another dashing battle-painter, the historian of the Crimean campaign—the *Times'* Correspondent, Russell. He is about taking in Great Britain, it is said, the lecture-desk, and gratifying the public curiosity with a sight of himself, for so much a head. He will be sure to have a success; for whatever he may have to say, even if it be the old, old story of Alma or Balaklava, people will go to see the lion, roar he as gently as any sucking dove. This personal exhibition of notabilities is the most profitable of shows. Mark the success of Thackeray, with his ill-digested memoranda and loose gossip about the "Four Georges," picked up chiefly, we believe, in the Astor Library in New York. He is likely to fill his pockets with some six or ten thousand pounds for a year's lecturing, while the concentration of his genius in one of his immortal novels would not, probably, bring him half that sum. If the dashing "*Times*' Correspondent" goes in for the cup, he will be a winner too, and we promise, should he come here, that he will have no want of backers.

THE FEDERAL BALL.

Fashion, we suppose, will have sent its representatives from all the States to Washington on the occasion of the grand Inauguration Ball, set down for Wednesday last. Lent keeps no fast in the heathen Capital, and the titular honorables of that centre of corruption will dance as merrily and on as light a fantastic toe as if their consciences were none the heavier for the late Congressional exposures.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

OF DINNERS AND DINING PLACES.

"MAN," said I to Dimes, "may be defined as a dining animal. Other animals are classed by naturalists as ruminant, graminivorous, rodent. They eat; but man is the only animal that dines."

Dimes, with unpardonable levity, interrupted me with the remark that man was a dining animal only when he had credit at a restaurant.

"Pecuniary questions," I replied, severely, "are out of place in a scientific discussion."

"My dear fellow," the good-natured Dimes hastened to say, "I meant nothing personal, I assure you. I think it is the most delightful thing in the world to owe for your dinner. You have no conception what a score I left behind me at Balaklava when I left the Crimea."

This was an amiable untruth on the part of Dimes. The fellow never owed sixpence (I beg pardon of the currency, I should say five cents) in his life. Still his intention was good.

"Dimes," said I, "you are pardoned. Come and dine with me to-day, and we will discuss the subject across the table."

"With pleasure. But where do you dine? Shall I have to dress?" Dimes was already gorgeously caparisoned.

"Take off your gloves and put on your oldest clothes," was my answer. "I am going to give you a two-and-sixpenny dinner."

Dimes turned pale, but he had promised, and he is a man who never retracts.

"The subject of dinner, philosophically considered," I continued, as I led Dimes to the sacrifice, "is one of the most important questions of social life. Up to the present time all men who have written on dinners have been laboring under a grand mistake. They have, so to speak, composed with white waistcoat and patent-leather boots. They have considered dinner from a full-dress point of view. They have written the experience of porcelain services, old wines, silent waiters, and inventive cooks. Now the excellence of a dinner is entirely relative. As in other affairs of life nature conquers in the long run, so in dinners simplicity affords the most permanent pleasure. No man would wish to be all his life in company costume. There are moments of abandonment when it is delightful to fling away the shirt collar, kick off the boots, and twist the body into attitudes not approved by general society. So the plain, unadorned dinner at times delights. The solid simplicity of the English joint, the savory but strongly-defined flavors of the French *bourgeois* feast, the animal satisfaction of the wild hunter's bison-steak. The dinner prepared by the scholiasts of the kitchen, is pleasurable only by contrast. I assert that no *bon-vivant*, who has for years been ministered to by artful cooks, whose triumph it is to harmonize conflicting flavors into a neutralized whole—I assert that such a man is, from very satiety, incapable of using his palate to good account. His taste has been effeminated by elegant indulgence. The muscular activity of his culinary judgment has been softened to a state of Lydian languor. Hence we constantly see Nature asserting herself, and find such men rushing into the opposite extreme, cooking their own beef-steaks, and devouring them bleeding. The great points necessary to a good dinner, my dear Dimes," I continued, "are, first, cleanliness; second, wholesome food; third, a good stomach. As the last is a rarity in New York, we may safely conclude that few people in this city dine well."

With this we entered the dining-saloon, to which I had conducted my friend. It was in the Bowery. Outside the door was hung a large white placard, on which were inscribed the various dishes to be had within. A small steak was sixpence. A cup of coffee was three cents. The rest of the dishes in like proportion. Dimes shuddered as he beheld the interior. It was a long, low room, filled with about twenty little tables, on which were spread blotched table-cloths that seemed to be afflicted with the disease of chronic mustard-stains. A fatty vapor filled the saloon, through which waiters, with sleeves rolled up and slippers in the last stages of decay, went up and down, performing feats of jugglery with plates and knives. Here and there a few guests were scattered. Men with close-cut hair, bloated, whiskerless faces, lowering, cruel eyes, and a general expression of vice and villainy, heightened by the fact that nearly every one present wore short mustaches dyed an intense black. They were all eating, with a strange, savage earnestness, and in silence.

Dimes sank, quite overcome, into a chair, and a tattered, greasy boy shuffled up to us, and took my orders. In a very short time, during which period Dimes's gaze wandered vaguely over the table appointments, the boy returned with two chipped plates, on each of which lay a section of a black, elastic substance, known as a small steak. Dimes made a faint attempt to cut it with a dull instrument which occupied a place on the board usually devoted to the knife, but the object was tenacious, and Dimes mutely relinquished his undertaking. The steaks were presently followed by four balls of a species of vegetable putty, which figured as potatoes, and two cups of a precipitate of burnt corn, entitled coffee. On beholding the consternation of my friend at the repast to which I had invited him, I could not restrain my laughter. It was pitiable to witness the mournful glance with which he regarded the spotted cloth, the fossil pickles, the curious bread. Then he looked wonderingly at me. He was seriously considering whether I was in the habit of taking my meals at this place, and how far it was advisable to know a man who dined for a shilling. Then he became conscious of the fact that I had not partaken of any of the viands before me, and he smiled, grimly.

"Contrast," said I, after enjoying his discomfiture for a few moments, "contrast is the salt of life. You have seen how people feed, Dimes. Now let us go and see how they dine."

We paid and left. But I thought I could observe, while watching the passage of the cars up and down the avenue, that the poor horses quickened their pace on passing the portals of that cheap dining-saloon. Was it accident, or a mysterious foreboding of their future destiny?

An hour afterward Dimes and myself were deep in the mysteries of an excellent dinner at Thompson and Purcell's. The oysters were small and appetizing; the *vin blanc* cool and aromatic. A faultless soup; *sole au gratin*. A few admirable *entrées*, among which some *croquettes de volaille* were noticeable, and our vision was regaled by a magnificent grouse, cooked to perfection. This, accompanied by a bottle of red Burgundy carefully brought to the proper temperature, formed a most satisfactory conclusion to the solid portion of our dinner. You will observe that there was no Champagne at this little repast. Champagne is not a dinner wine. Its proper uses are for breakfast, supper, and when a dinner is concluded and the dessert has not yet arrived. At this last period one or two glasses of Champagne are advisable. The mind is clouded with the fumes of meats. The wit is lethargic. The brilliant, sparkling Champagne dissipates and removes all this. It promotes conversation, and conversation promotes digestion. But to begin a dinner with Champagne, as they do even in some of our best houses, shows, in my opinion, a very limited knowledge of the proper uses of wines.

MARY ANN'S NOTIONS.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH—Your last piece of advice is very rude, and I shall certainly not take it. "Drop politics," indeed! Just like the selfishness of men! I shall do nothing of the sort, and I do not believe that you will be so unkind as to suppress my letters.[1]

"However, to-day, I shall comply with your grumbling,[2] because I have something else to say. At least I don't know—is Divorce politics?[3] I should not wonder if your made out that it was, and if it is, I can't help it. How you can read that beautiful letter of Mrs. Norton's, and not all of you set to work with all your might to try and get what she says carried into effect, I can not conceive, but I dare say nothing will come of it. When a woman who can write such a letter as that condescends to address you, you ought to pay the most respectful attention, and be grateful for her advice—but not you; and I dare say the mean manly feeling (I consider manly a term of contempt[4]) that a woman ought not to interfere with the laws, makes you treat her with even more coldness than if a man had made the suggestions she does.

"As for divorce, the question is perfectly simple. A party of ladies could draw up the law as it ought to be in ten minutes, only you must fuss about it in the two houses of Parliament, and talk about the Mosaic law, and the church, and the fathers, and the proctors, and every thing that has nothing to do with the matter. How can Mosaic law concern it, unless to be sure a husband has made his wife presents in Mosaic gold?—and many are quite stingy enough! As for the church, we go to church to be married, not to be divorced. I don't know much about the fathers, but if they were fathers of daughters they would like to see laws made for their good, and as for the proctors, I have met one or two at parties, and they are dreadful stuck-up old things, whose opinion I would not take on any thing but starching a cravat![5] If people who have nothing to do with a subject would leave it to those who have—and it stands to reason now, my dear soul, that the person who wears the shoe must know where it hurts[6]—this question could be settled at once.

"A man ill-treats his wife. Very well. Now we don't want any Acts of the House of Lords, and all that, costing thousands of pounds, but let a magistrate sign a paper, and send the husband to prison, and take all the property and give it to the wife. Let the husband, if he has any trade or occupation (and if not, let him be compelled to learn one), be made to follow it, in prison, and let the money he earns be paid over to the wife and children. Now what can be simpler than that? The man would be made industrious, the public would have the advantage of promoting trade,[7] the wife would be protected, and the children educated. If, after a great many years you thought he had thoroughly repented, you might transport him and turn him loose in some colony; only make him take another name, that his wife might never be shocked by hearing of him. Of course, if she liked to marry again at any time she should be free to do so; but most likely she would think she had had enough of matrimony.

"There now, there is the whole thing provided for, and if lawyers and talkers would not bring in stupid complications and objections, those words might be made into a law, and there would be an end of the matter. The only difficulty that I see is, as to what should be done if a husband runs away; but I think that if you made another law, saying that if they did this they should be executed, and any person harboring them should be transported for life, it would prevent it. This would not be a bit too severe, because, you see, a person who leaves his children without the means of being educated is answerable for all the crimes they may commit.[8] But now we come to a question which you will be sure to stir up, and which I dare say men would avail themselves of to defeat the punishment they ought to receive, and this is, What do you mean by ill-treatment? Of course, if a man were to raise his hand to a woman, or use bad words at her, or lock her in a house against her will, or any other flagrant and open outrage, there could be no dispute. But there are thousands of other injuries which the ridiculous law takes no notice of, because it was made by men who have hard and coarse natures, and do not even see or hear a thing that will perhaps keep a woman crying all night.[9] And then there are different grades of society; and, what is an insult to a woman in one sphere, is not an insult to a woman in another.[10] Then again (I am coming to something presently) there are cases in which a woman might like only to punish a husband a little, in the hope of reforming and forgiving him. Also he might sincerely repent, after a short time, which, if he was a man of any feeling, he would do. Therefore, and this is what I am coming to, you ought not to attempt to make a law providing for every case that can possibly occur; for, when you had thought over every injury which a man could do his wife, his evil ingenuity would invent some fresh one. There ought to be a sort of Court established, not a ridiculous one where a parcel of lawyers chatter because they are paid for it, and every body tries for victory, not for what is right, but more like a committee.[11] But this committee should not be all women, or else you would complain of partiality, but there should be some dear old men upon it, fathers of daughters, with white hair and benevolent old faces,[12] and then I suppose you would be satisfied. These questions of ill-treatment might be brought before this committee, and the magistrate might go by their decision. Now do you mean to say that a woman can suggest nothing practical?

"Of course, my dear *Mr. Punch*, there would be some unreasonable complaints. A wife might bring up her husband for not being dressed when she wanted to go to a party, and refusing to go (I made a little picture of it the other day, and I send it you; you can put it in *Punch* if you like, only mind and tell the printers to keep the face pretty[13]), and though I don't say that he would not be a great bear and deserve reprimand, this would be irrational in her. But you may rely upon it that there would be little of this. Women are too glad to keep their husbands when they can. This is just a man's aggravating cavil, and I have no patience with it.

Your affectionate

"*Monday.* MARY ANN.

"P.S.—If you ask me whether a man ought to be able to get rid of his wife? I answer, Certainly not. A man has the choice of the whole world before he marries, and if he chooses badly, that is his fault. A woman can only have the husbands that offer to her, and when she has got one, it would be too bad to take him away."[14]

1 This mixture of pathos with defiance has just—and only just—saved your letter from the basket that was yawning for it.

2 We do not grumble, we reprove. And you use vile English—comply with grumbling, indeed.

3 "Politics" means that part of Ethics which consists in the government or regulation of a nation, for the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity. "Ethics" means—but look it out for yourself, and answer your own question.

4 It is nothing of the sort. But it always makes us think of Mr. John Cooper, of the Theatres, delivering a pleasing and elevated sentiment.

5 The preceding passages convey an impression of discreditable pertness on the part of the writer.

6 And that he knows how to alter it, eh?

7 Please, please spare us your political economy, second hand from Papa. That is rather too afflicting.

8 This is a glimmering of sense after a mass of feminine wisdom.

9 No woman ever cried all night, though thousands courageously declare that they have done so. We class the assertion with that other favorite womanly complaint that the eyes were never closed once all night.

10 Not put with exactitude, and therefore false. The *same* insult is equally felt by both women. A pound of feathers weighs the same as a pound of lead, and *vice versa.*

11 Fair enough.

12 What ugly daughters to have!

13 We have used your picture as an initial. Do not be too proud.

14 We insert this P.S. because it evidently occurred to you that you had forgotten that there were two sides of the question. But we will never insert another. This is final, so get your last words over before you sign your letters. Do you hear, young woman?

MEN AND THINGS IN ITALY.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

FLORENCE, *Dec.* 23, 1856.

IN a crowded ball-room, amidst the transitory pause of whirling, crushing crinolines and patent-leather slippers, there is nothing more refreshing than a prompt supply of ices; so in your busy, trading, cash and politics'-fermenting society, an occasional interlude of something as foreign and cooling by way of relaxation of the brain, over-driven in one direction, must be equally welcome. I can not promise to be as palatable as an ice to a polka-exhausted belle or boot-pinched exquisite, but, rely upon it, such "anecdoteana" and flying gossip as I may occasionally send you, shall be of genuine material, and not subject either of us to the pains and penalties of the statutes of adulteration. There are many good things adrift in the social whirlpool if we but lie on our oars now and then to catch them—things that warm the heart, give play to laughter-loving lungs, set thought up to a wholesome pitch of reflection, and afford nuts full of mental meat for the grinders of the fact-loving gentry. Such shall be my aim to furnish.

To begin, then, with something for the mouths of those everlasting twitters of Americans on their insatiable and eccentric pursuit of the almighty dollar. Listen all, from peddlers to bankers! The Baron Adolfo Rothschild of Naples, the great amateur of ancient Italian crockery, to whom paying a thousand dollars for a painted plate was a mere bagatelle, was no fool after all. He took his collection to Moscow on the occasion of the Coronation of the Emperor, and there sold enough of the poorer portion of it to pay the entire expenses of his journey—no light bill at that juncture—*net sixteen thousand dollars' profit*, and keep besides all his *choice* pieces. So much for his dish-speculation. Sir Robert Peel traded in turquoises, and Count de Morny in pictures; every body in some way tried to humbug every body, and the Coronation, with all its aristocratic pretension, might have afforded the shrewdest of American "sellers of any thing at a profit" many sagacious hints in working off stale stock.

While talking of magnates, I may as well tell you of a capital bit of malicious wit let off upon the Count Walewski, Minister of Foreign Affairs of France, by a sharp John Bull practitioner of this city. Talking with him of the comparative merits of Frenchmen and Englishmen, the Count says, "Well, what place do you give to my countrymen in the other world?" "Why," replied John Bull, "the decent ones are *promoted to be Englishmen.*"

The same wit was recently at a ball here given by a physician, at which there was great complaint of alternate cold and hot draughts of air, rather more suggestive of rheumatism and fevers than was agreeable to the taste of some of the guests. "How unreasonable you are," says our friend to the grumblers, "don't you perceive it is a *professional* ball!"

Most people who have heard of table-rappings must have heard of the extraordinary medium, "Dan Hume," whose phenomena set all Boston, London, and Florence aghast with ghostly fear; but few, perhaps, have heard of his final "success." While here he met with a Polish Count of immense wealth, who took him into his family, carried him to Rome, converted him to the Roman Catholic faith, put him into the Jesuits' College, where, his phenomena being pronounced "the works of the devil," he was publicly and formally exorcised by the powers of the Church according to the prescribed forms, which are sufficient of themselves to drive a sane man mad. The Pope then blessed him, and gave him a silver medal, on one side of which is the image of the Immaculate Virgin, and on the other Beelzebub making tracks "in a devil of a hurry." With this talisman upon him Hume's spirits no more come and go at call; but in their stead he has a snug berth in a noble family, an ample stipend, and indefinite prospects of further pecuniary and social satisfaction, provided he continues to keep in the good graces of his new patrons, and eschews "raps, trances, and unknown tongues." Your lady reader's imaginations will be set all in a blaze in regard to the riches and toilet of the Polish Countess, when I tell them that recently her dress took fire from the ashes of a cigar, and before it could be extinguished six thousand five hundred dollars' worth of lace were destroyed, but, fortunately, without damage to her person. It is a coincidence worthy of note, so far as the spiritual phenomena or theory is concerned, that the ancestors of this same Count were great friends and patrons of Swedenborg.

It seems there is a religious as well as musical Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Can any one explain how it comes to pass that the good Archbishop of Paris was murdered because he *forbade* a priest to preach against the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin, while King Bomba's life was saved, as he says, on account of his *faith* in it? The bad monarch is showing his sincerity by the erection of a church to the Immaculate Conception as a monument of its interposition in his favor. I fear skeptical politicians here will simply hint that "the devil always protects his own." The dogma has certainly been set afloat on the tide of papal theology under inauspicious omens. In the preparation of the column at Rome to commemorate it, one of the workmen fell and was killed, and another seriously hurt, while among Catholics generally it has operated as another cause of dissension or incredulity in the Church generally.

CICERONE.

TURIN, *December* 29, 1856.

The London *Times* some time ago gave a well-merited rap over the knuckles to those Americans who were always rating the British nobility for their eccentricity and profligacy, by remarking that, as far as their observation extended in Europe, there was no class of men more distinguished in both respects than certain traveling Brother Jonathans. I wish the "thunderer" was as much out of the way in this instance as it often is in its comments upon democracy; but "more's the pity 'tis too true" of many, but not all, by a long sweep. Still, socially considered, we Americans are not on an esteemed footing, from the very fact that those who make themselves the most conspicuous abroad are the most open to the reproaches of the *Times.* Brandy-drinking with them is an institution; not in the diminutive doses of French glasses, quietly and long sat over once a day, at a café, but taken at grocers' counters, bumper fashion, with the usual accompaniment of bar-habits, the scandal and horror of the more refined dissipation of Europe. Then, too, the convivial entertainments of our countrymen abroad are too frequently based upon mere attractions of appetite; expensive and over-loaded dinner and supper tables, ending in scenes which, however natural to those whose "god is their belly," are by no means considered in aristocratic society as favorable to refinement of any nature. Even those foreigners who from sympathy attend, afterward make mock of the too-evident exultations of sensual over intellectual pleasure by their American hosts. Over-eating and drinking, and vulgar expense, are not calculated to raise the national view taken by Europeans of our character.

American women are universally admitted to be the prettiest, and, next to the French, the best dressed of any nation. But to be esteemed at the real value of their virtues, they should pay more attention to street-toilets and manners; not over-dress themselves for a promenade, nor saunter along with an easy, familiar, wide-awake air, accompanied by too much elevation of petticoat to exhibit a pretty ankle, nor give a jerking, sweeping motion to their crinoline with a saucy toss of head. A graceful, modest, dignified street-carriage is far more worthy of study than the hops and jerks of modern dancing. Indeed the vulgarity of the one arises to a certain extent from the want of a proper *morale* in the fashion of the other. It is unpleasant to me to feel obliged to hint at any deficiencies of appearance in my fair countrywomen, but after having had my ears so often pained by the flippant and harsh comments of foreigners, arising from a deportment, unintelligible to them, in their standard of female refinement and virtue, I can not forbear from making the circumstances which call them forth thus known, with the sole motive of giving a "hint in season." The freedom of American street-life, so indulged in by Misses at home, can not be imitated abroad without giving rise to prejudicial impressions. The manner of sitting, speaking, and behavior in general in society in Europe, though in a certain sense formal and artificial, is in the main founded on correct principles, a uniform courtesy, and an elegance of personal habit arising from an innate love of beauty and refinement, and, of course, the standard of criticism is in the main higher. It was not long ago that an Austrian officer, in speaking to me of meeting at a ball one of the most beautiful of our countrywomen, remarked, laughingly, "She wore yellow gaiters." This was in allusion to her habit of sitting cross-legged, with her garments drawn so high up as to make her the standing joke of all who were wide-awake to spy out their neighbor's motes. A "lion" in society will half apologize to his mates for attentions to one of our countrywomen as follows: "I visit her, because, *for an American lady*, she is *distingué.*" This is the highest praise from such a quarter. It is well that these things should be known to those interested. The opinions of ourselves entertained by foreigners are not without a certain value, either in putting us on our guard, or leading to inquiry as to their justice. Of late there appears to be a growing disposition to fear and disparage Americans. If we consider *how* many persons, not in themselves badly disposed toward us, receive their impressions, we need not be astonished. Lately, in the most fashionable club of one of the principal capitals of Italy, a discussion began about the character of Americans. The principal speakers were the son of one of Queen Victoria's Ministers, a French prince, a banker, and an *attaché* of one of the embassies. The first two had both lived for some time in the United States, and professed to speak from personal knowledge. Gambling, they said, was universal, and the gentlemen cheated at cards; not one in ten of unmarried women were chaste. American wives ruled their husbands like slaves; at Saratoga and Newport, it was customary for the ladies to go without their husbands or brothers, and commit every kind of folly and imprudence; that it was a common thing for them to inveigle unsophisticated foreigners into their rooms, where suddenly some male friend would come in, armed with bowie-knives and pistols, and either kill them, compel them to marry the woman if single, or if married to pay down a good round sum for hush-money. Enough of this. But such was the tenor, mostly mildly given by me, of the statements made by persons whose position and opportunities of knowing the truth necessarily gave them weight, however false as to the parties referred to, or indicatory of the quality of their own social predilections.

CICERONE.

MEN AND THINGS IN LONDON.

(*From our own Correspondent.*)

LONDON, *February* 6, 1857.

METEOROLOGICAL.

THE seasons have, of late years, put on a very shuffling sort of character. Winter has tried to look as much as possible like spring, while summer has but too frequently put on the guise of winter, much to the detriment of the farmer's crops. A real honest winter does not occur here much oftener than once in seven or ten years; and about Christmastide every body asks, "Shall we have any winter, think you, this season?" A short time ago the shrubs were budding in the parks and squares, and the sparrows were chirruping about the houses, and my last epistle was indited in a shower of rain. Since then, however, the thermometer has taken a run down hill, and did not stop till it reached 19°; consequently ponds are frozen over, and, on Sunday last, all London streamed out to the parks to skate or see the skaters. The ice was thin, and some too-adventurous spirits had their ardor damped by an ice-bath. The cold is moderate, but continues coquetting with the freezing-point, and in my next I may be enabled to tell you of the exploits of the Skating Club.

AN ITALIAN EMPORIUM.

Alas for Italy! it has but few friends, and they are treacherous; but let it not be supposed that this act of England's Ministry is the act of the English people. Few but would recoil from such an aspersion with horror. They may regard Italian regeneration as hopeless, at least for the present, but they never would so far forget what they owe to liberty as to add one link to the chains that bind Italian freedom. This treachery of the Ministry will doubtless cause a reaction, and may aid the cause it was intended to injure. The Italians resident in London have lately busied themselves in organizing an *Italian Emporium*, in connection with art, science, commerce, industry, and literature; its appliances to consist of an edifice containing a printing-office, a bazar, exhibition-galleries, club-room, library, lecture-room, museum, primary school, panorama, etc., etc. Such a programme, which, "methinks, doth profess too much," will, if only partially carried out, be attended with many important advantages to the Italian cause. It is projected by Count de Montemerte, and managed by Dr. Vera.

DENTISTRY IN ENGLAND.

Every American attacked with the toothache, while in London, must have satisfied himself that the dental art stands on much lower ground in En-

gland than in the United States. Of late years the English dentists have become aware of the higher rank their profession occupies in the States than at home, and they have set themselves diligently to work to make their calling "respectable;" for the vulgar opinion of a dentist here is, that he is only a tooth-drawer—a sort of barber-surgeon, with the barber lopped off. A dentist's college is now organized and located in Cavendish Square, and a prospectus of the course of studies of the present session is just issued. Here a surgeon's diploma affords no proof of his ability in the dental art, and the public requires protection against the impudent charlatans who now prey upon the ignorance of society.

LITERARY ITEMS.

The new number of the *Quarterly Review* contains an article on *Homer*, by Mr. Gladstone. He will also contribute an essay on the same subject to the forthcoming volume of *Oxford Essays*. The article on Northamptonshire, excellent in plan and execution, is by the Rev. James Baker; that on Salmon-fishing by the Rev. Dr. Badham. I lately requested my bookseller to obtain for me the latest work on *Kansas*: in due season he sent me Dr. Arnott, on *Cancer*. Lady Bulwer's new book, "Very Successful," is withdrawn from the public libraries, and the London publishers refuse to supply it, on the ground of its being full of scandalous charges against her husband. This lady is unhappily afflicted with a monomania, the exciting cause of which appears to be her husband. If the lady's temper may be judged of by her books, it is easy to perceive that he is not unreasonable in refusing to live with her. The charges she now brings against him are so extravagantly absurd that they recoil against her, and entirely cut her off from all sympathy or respect.—A curious fact in connection with the annals of the stage, is the celebration of the 1000th consecutive night of performing at the Haymarket Theatre. The interruptions have been compulsory, such as fast-days, Lent, and other observances.—A graphic description of the House of Lords in 1857 is contained in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, or, rather, of one portion of it; the magnitude of the subject forbids of its disposal in a single number of a magazine.

It is worthy of remark that the *Illustrated News*, of January 31st, contains the finest specimen of wood-engraving produced in England in modern times. It is engraved by W. J. Linton, from a drawing by E. H. Wehnert, to illustrate M. George H. Boker's poem of the *Ivory Carver*.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CRIMINALS?

A question that gives John Bull infinite perplexity and anxiety at the present time is, "What shall we do with our criminals?" "Hang them all!" says some Radical reformer. Doubtless hanging is a sovereign remedy for chronic criminality in the individual hanged, but it is not so good for the social constitution. Humanity no longer takes delight in "stringing up" some half dozen wretched men and women at the Old Bailey on Monday mornings, as was the custom some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago. But since Game Laws and Poor Laws, with other remnants of feudalism, are ever at work raising up fresh crops of criminals, who do not quite deserve hanging, they have to be otherwise provided for. Transportation has become impracticable, for the penal colonies have waxed rich and respectable, and will no longer accept cargoes of poor rogues as compulsory immigrants. At the present rate of increase it is hardly possible to keep criminals at home, for there is none too much room in this little isle for honest men. So John restlessly revolves in his mind the insoluble question, "What is to be done with our criminals?" Wisdom whispers, "Do not make so many;" and of late the hint has been taken in part, and good Industrial-schools for pauper children, and Reformatories for law-breaking boys are springing up. A bold experiment has been tried in the "ticket-of-leave system," which I think has been unjustly condemned and too hastily abandoned. Its want of complete success may be fairly attributed to no provision having been made for placing the liberated ticket-of-leave-man in a new position, where, appearing with a "clean bill of health," he might work honestly and unmolested. Abundant evidence exists to prove that very many ticket-of-leave-men have tried hard to obtain an honest livelihood, but failed in the attempt through being denounced by the police and other causes. England abounds in benevolent institutions, but none is so much needed as a Prisoners' Friend Association in every town where a prison rears its Gorgon head, to afford an asylum to the liberated prisoner and help him to an honest calling. Of the facilities for so doing there can be neither question nor doubt; and it may be asked, Is it not the duty of the government, before releasing a prisoner, to take some steps to prevent him relapsing into crime? The money it costs to re-convict one of these unhappy victims of blind justice would suffice ten-fold to set him up in a profitable business, or enable him to immigrate to the gold-fields. Hitherto punishment has been too much tainted with vindictiveness, whereas it should be considered as expiatory. When an offender has paid the penalty of the law are not he and society quits? But no! so unmerciful is public opinion that an error, fault, or crime—however it may be repented of or expiated by punishment—clings to a man through life—hangs about his neck like a millstone, weighing down all his better aspirations. It is not long ago since I attributed most of the crime that shocks our eyes and ears to ignorance and poverty, so few were the respectable people brought up to the bars of the police-courts. But a change has come over the spirit of that dream! The strange events of the past year in the cases of Palmer and Dove, most elaborate and respectable murderers, and in those of Paul, Strahan, and Bates, and Robson, Redpath, Paul, and other financial rogues, show us that crime is ascending in the social scale. The effect upon society can not be otherwise than baleful. A general feeling of insecurity prevails, and every body conjugates the verb "to suspect" Carlyle-wise. Joint-stock banks were thought infallible until the Royal British showed them otherwise. When the private bank of Paul, Strahan, & Co. "busted up," great was the glee and loud the crowing of the immaculate joint-stocks—"Put your trust and your money-bags in us and our keeping. Have we not our eight hundred or a thousand individually-responsible-to-the-full-extent-of-all-their-property shareholders? *We* can not fail!" But many a widow and orphan weeps in poverty over the fallen fortunes of the Royal British swindle.

ARE THE PEOPLE CONTENTED?

The Queen, in her Message, expressed her gratification at witnessing the general well-being and contentment of the people. There is, however, a reverse to this sunny picture. We have had large meetings of unemployed workmen, discussing their impoverished condition, and asking counsel of each other as to remedying it. The panacea seems to be emigration. The streets are daily paraded by groups of hard-fisted "navvies," shouting, "Workingmen out of work, and nothing to eat!" In some instances they have unceremoniously walked into bakers' shops and helped themselves. The poor women, too, have their sufferings. A second meeting, to take into consideration the oppressed condition of the dress-makers and milliners' assistants, is convened for the 9th instant. The remedy for the evils sought to be mitigated lies in the hands of the women of the upper classes; but they are so thoughtless, or so ignorant of means and appliances, that when they order a ball-dress to-day, to be sent home to-morrow, they never give themselves the trouble to think how many young women must sit up all night to make it. Hundreds are sent into untimely graves by this over-taxing of the vital energies. Many philanthropic persons afflict themselves with the "emancipation of women" question. To me, who have given much thought to the subject, there appears but one rational, speedy way for women to emancipate themselves from their present state of helpless sole dependence upon the needle for support. Let them make themselves more capable, more useful, and their emancipation is effected. We want good cooks, good nurses, good teachers; but nothing is scarcer or more difficult to procure. A *clever, smart* woman can earn as much money as a man of equal ability.

A TRUE BRITISH NOBLEMAN.

The death of the most noble the Duke of Rutland is an event which must not be passed over in silence, and I feel disposed to devote a few lines to the portrayal of his character, since it affords an opportunity of showing that, among the much maligned aristocracy, there are members who fully comprehend the truth of the maxim, that wealth has its duties as well as its rights.

John Henry Manners, fifth Duke and fourteenth Earl of Rutland, was born in 1778. His father was son of the celebrated Marquis of Granby. His mother was reputed the most beautiful woman of her day; she was the Lady Mary Isabella Somerset, youngest daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Bedford. He succeeded to the princely title and estates of his father when under ten years of age; his guardians were Mr. Pitt, and the Duke of Beaufort. Upon attaining his majority in 1799, he came into possession of his magnificent patrimony, nearly £100,000 a year in landed estates, besides a large accumulation of cash. He was patron of more than 40 church livings; and in a very short time he became a Knight of the Garter, Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Leicester, and Recorder of Grantham, Cambridge, and Scarborough. With this amount of patronage and power added to his vast wealth, he yielded to few of his peers in local or parliamentary influence. Immediately on coming of age he married Lady Elizabeth Howard, fifth daughter of Frederick, Earl of Carlisle, with whom he lived in uninterrupted happiness until her death in 1825. Belvoir Castle, Grantham, was the seat of the Duke of Rutland. At the period of his succession the vale of Belvoir was a sort of *terra incognita*, as backward in every thing which denotes material progress as any portion of the kingdom. The country was uninclosed; there the fallow-deer roamed at large under the protection "of those towers which commanded as subject all the vale." The chase of Belvoir, one of the last relics of feudalism, was extinguished, and the different lordships inclosed; and a canal carried through the Duke's parishes in the vale, extending from Grantham to Nottingham, which made "the desert smile," and laid the foundation of great agricultural improvements. In 1801 was commenced the rebuilding of Belvoir Castle, which occupied several years; at the same time the adjacent hills were adorned with plantations, and walks and drives laid out through the domain. These, and the improvements of the surrounding villages, were in great part planned by the Duchess of Rutland, whose views in every thing which related to improvement were grand and magnificent, and who brought to the task not only an enlarged capacity but a refined taste, and almost the skill of a professional artist.

Upon the alarm of a French invasion in 1803, the Duke raised his standard at Statherne Point, an eminence overlooking the vale, and summoned his neighbors, tenants, and dependents to the defense of the country. He issued a spirit-stirring address appealing to their patriotism, which met with so hearty a response, that in less than an hour 1000 names of stalwart men were enrolled, ready to serve under the banner of the noble chieftain. From among these a regiment 400 strong was formed, "the Belvoir Castle Volunteers," of which the Duke was colonel, and the celebrated Beau Brummel the nominal major. After this the Duke continued superintending the building of his castle and the education of his numerous family; he was a distinguished sportsman, and the Belvoir hunt became celebrated. He was also a patron of the turf, and kept a racing stud at Newmarket. In 1814 he entertained the Prince Regent at Belvoir for several days, on the occasion of the christening of the Duke's eldest son, then Marquis of Granby. In 1816 a disastrous fire consumed a portion of the castle, with half of the valuable paintings and some plate. Many gems of art perished, among others, Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Nativity," valued at that time at 3000 guineas. Both the Duke and Duchess were of a literary turn of mind, and published several works.

The Duke did not mingle much in public affairs. He was a zealous promoter of agricultural improvements, and occupied himself with the numerous duties incidental to his position. He was of a tall and noble presence, exceedingly elegant and dignified in his manners, and courteous to those who had business with him. One of the last compliments he received was a request from his tenantry to have his portrait taken at their expense. It was painted by Mr. Grant, and exhibited at the Royal Academy last year. Throughout life the Duke was guided by high and lofty principles, which gave a moral tone to his conduct. He was the intimate friend and acquaintance of many of the good and great in the land, and was exemplary in all the relations of life—as husband, father, friend, and landlord. With such virtues and qualifications, the late Duke of Rutland will long be held in affectionate remembrance and respect by those who had the best means of knowing him; but his most enduring monument with posterity will be the Castle of Belvoir.

THE FASHIONS.

Ladies' fashions are undergoing very curious revolutions, if one may judge by the eccentricities who bravely defy criticism in the public streets. The red and black "linsey-woolsey" petticoat is conspicuous for its ugliness. By an ingenious mechanism of strings and pulleys, ladies now loop up their dresses while walking our muddy streets; hence the red petticoat becomes the most conspicuous feature in their costume, and since, to be *a la mode*, every woman must wear one, female pedestrians look as if they wore the habit of some "order." Ambitious ladies of low stature have a strange fancy for high-heeled "military" boots; consequently, during the recent frosty weather, it has been no unusual thing to see many of them measure their length on the sidewalks, to the infinite amusement of the "gamins."

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY;

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

LORD MANSFIELD AND HIS COACHMAN.

The following anecdote of the late Lord Mansfield we find in a collection of waifs and strays of this kind, where it is said that it was related by his lordship himself from the bench: He had turned off his coachman for certain acts of peculation, not uncommon in this class of persons. The fellow begged his lordship to give him a character. "What kind of character can I give you?" says his lordship. "Oh, my lord, any character your lordship pleases to give me, I shall most thankfully receive." His lordship accordingly sat down, and wrote as follows: "The bearer, John ——, has served me three years in the capacity of coachman. He is an able driver, and a very sober man; I discharged him because he cheated me."—(Signed) "Mansfield." John thanked his lordship, and went off. A few mornings afterward, when his lordship was going through his lobby to step into his coach for Westminster Hall, a man, in a very handsome livery, made him a low bow. To his surprise, he recognized his late coachman. "Why, John," says his lordship, "you seem to have got an excellent place; how could you manage this with the character I gave you?" "Oh! my lord," says John, "it was an exceeding good character, and I am come to return you thanks for it; my new master, on reading it, said, he observed your lordship recommended me as an able driver and a sober man. 'These,' says he, 'are just the qualities I want in a coachman. I observe his lordship adds he discharged you because you cheated him. Hark you, sirrah!' says he, 'I'm a Yorkshireman, and I'll defy you to cheat *me*.'"

A DEFINITION OF RIGHT.

"Every man," said Macaulay, in a speech on the Jews' Disabilities Bill, "has a right to all that may conduce to his pleasure, if it does not inflict pain on any one else. This is one of the broadest maxims of human nature." The value of this definition depends very much upon our notion of pleasure. If it be taken, not for what may please a man, but what ought to please him, it may do.

AN IMPROMPTU BY A BISHOP.

This pleasant trifle, from an old London magazine of the year 1784, is there set down as an "Impromptu by Bishop Atterbury, on a challenge to the Bishop to dictate something in Praise of a Goose-quill, from the words, 'Despise not the worth of those things that are small:'"

The Quill of the Goose is a very slight thing,
Yet it feathers the arrow that flies from the string;
Makes the bird it belongs to rise high in its flight,
And the jack it has oil'd against dinner go right.
It brightens the floor, when turned to a broom,
And brushes down cobwebs at the top of the room;
Its plumage by age into figures is wrought,
As soft as the hand, and as quick as the thought.
It warms in a muff, and cools in a screen;
It is good to be felt, it is good to be seen.
When wantonly waving, it makes a fine show
On the crest of the warrior, or hat of the beau.
The Quill of the Goose (I shall never have done
If through all its perfections and praises I run),
Makes the harpsichord vocal, which else would be mute,
And enlivens the sounds, the sweet sounds of the flute;
Records what is written in verse or in prose,
By Ramsay, by Cambray, by Boyle, or Despreaux.
Therefore well did the Wise Man thus preach to us all—
"Despise not the worth of those things that are small."

READ DON QUIXOTE.

Lord Oxford was passionately fond of reading Don Quixote; he had a magnificent edition of it in Spanish, printed in London, in three quarto volumes, which was dedicated to him. He once made the subject the occasion of a rather severe practical joke. During the period of his administration, he was frequently importuned by a member of Parliament to bestow some office upon his son. "Does your son understand Spanish?" said his lordship, with a mysterious air. "No, my lord; but he soon will learn it if you desire it." "Let him learn it, then," replied the Minister, "and he will have no reason to repent it." The father immediately sent his son to Spain, with a strict injunction to make himself perfect master of the Spanish. A year after, he introduced him to Lord Oxford. "My lord," said he, "here is my son; he understands Spanish admirably well, and is now ready to profit by your good-will toward him." "Very well," replied Lord Oxford; "wait a moment, and I will come back to you." He went into his library, and bringing out a copy of Don Quixote, presented it to the young man. "Here, Sir," said he, "read this book in the original language, and I can assure you that you will not regret the time you have employed in learning it."

LITERARY.

Redfield publishes The Wigwam and the Cabin, *by W. Gilmore Simms*, a new and revised edition, uniform with the very handsome series of Simms's Stories issued from the same press. This, as our readers know, is a collection of several of the author's best tales, such as "Jocassee," "Caloya," and "Lucas de Ayllon." Mr. Simms's position, as one of the pleasantest American novelists, especially as one who has found scenes of romance in the history of his own country, is so well established as to insure a demand for new and elegant editions of his works.

Life, in its Lower, Intermediate, and Higher Forms, *by Philip Henry Gosse*, published by the Carters, is a timely and valuable book. He who would trace the various phenomena of this strange manifestation that we call life, from the lowest orders, where it scarcely differs from vegetable existence, up to its most highly developed appearance in man—and that with a better guide than too many modern authors and writers on these subjects have proved themselves—will find this volume an excellent assistant. The study of the lower classes of animals, the infusoria, sponges, polypes, and star-fishes, is one of extraordinary interest, especially to the young; and the history of life in insects, fish, and other animals—their birth, methods of growth, and habits—affords a field of investigation that no man is so dignified as to consider beneath him, or too learned to find deep and absorbing pleasure in examining.

Every house should welcome A Ray of Light to Brighten Cottage Homes, *by the Author of* "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," which is also published by the Carters. For although an Avenue palace is somewhat larger than a laborer's cottage, it is nevertheless a truth that rules of order, cheerfulness, and cleanliness are no less necessary in one than in the other, and probably quite as frequently neglected in the palace as in the hovel. This story is one of those excellent endeavors, which have distinguished the author, to show how a home may be made happy by the cheerfulness and faithfulness of its inmates.

The same publishers have sent us a little book, The Giant Killer; or, The Battle which All must Fight, *by the Author of* "The Claremont Tales," wherein the young folk, in reading a pleasant story, will see the forms of sundry giants, named Sloth, Selfishness, Untruth, Hate, and others, which they, with the confidence of Great-Heart in the Pilgrim's Progress, must meet, combat, and kill, or yield to.

The name of *Mrs. Emma Willard* is sacred in a great number of American homes, where a small book, Morals for the Young, from her pen, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., will be accepted in the same spirit which leads her to dedicate it to her pupils, especially for their use in training up their own children.

It seems a miracle that the men of the present age know as much geography as they do, when we remember the manner in which it was taught, and the facilities, or hindrances, to study which were furnished in our school-days. But much as we have advanced, there is still great room for improvement, in the methods of teaching and in the books for scholars. A System of Physical Geography, published by H. Cowperthwaite & Co., in Philadelphia, is one of the most important steps toward supplying existing deficiencies. The design of this school-book is to furnish a geography in which the scholar shall learn the constitution of all parts of the world, the great features of various lands and waters, the character of the land, the temperatures, prevailing winds, electrical and optical phenomena, zoology and ethnography of the globe. We commend it to the examination of teachers throughout the country.

Consumption, *by Dr. W. W. Hall*, is the simple and very intelligible title of a book published by Redfield. The author has somewhat peculiar and practical notions on the subject of this scourge, which fills so large a space every week in our bills of mortality. He is strong in the faith that the disease may be arrested and cured at any time from its inception to within a month or two of death, and recommends exercise and pure air as eminently important to a cure. His views are worth reading.

Mr. Macaulay has found a rival in singing old songs. *Professor Blackie* is the modern bard of Ancient Greece, and publishes a volume of Lays and Legends, that equal Mr. Macaulay in force and fire, while they unquestionably excel the "Lays of Ancient Rome" in all the other characteristics of poetry. He has attempted to catch, and with no small measure of success, the peculiarities of the only remains of Grecian song that have come down to us. In this respect he had the advantage of Macaulay, in the stronger characteristics which he found in the relics of Grecian music-

poetry. The Lays of Ancient Rome, in manner and metre, are not to be considered Roman. They rather present the Romans, much as some old pictures present ancients, in modern style, and with modern action.

Not so the Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, of the force and beauty of which an extract from "Ariadne" will give some idea:

Wake, Ariadne!
Look through thy slumbers!
The Mænads, to meet thee,
Marshal their numbers.
Down from the sky
Dionysus has sent them;
Rosiest beauty
Venus has lent them.
Hovering nigh,
Their thin robes floating,
With balm in their eye,
Thy wounds they are noting.
Oh, Ariadne!
Bless'd be the Bride
(So echoes their song)
That shall sleep by the side
Of the wine-god strong,
Fair Ariadne!
Daughter of Minos,
Though Earth may reject thee,
Great Dionysus
Above shall expect thee.
Like a gem thou shalt shine
'Mid the bright starry glory;
A name shall be thine
With the famous in story.
Wake, Ariadne! from Earth's heavy slumbers;
Wake to new life, which no sorrow encumbers.

Ariadne from her slumber
Woke and rose, and smiled benignly;
Radiant from the rapturous dreams
That stirred her secret soul divinely.
Round her stood the Mænad maids,
Round her swelled their tuneful chorus;
Round her wheeled their floating dance,
To a piping reed sonorous.
With them danced a prick-eared crew,
Hairy-limbed, with goatish features;
Forest-haunting; freakish creatures;
Old Silenus, bald and broad,
Stood beside, his bright face showing;
Wreathed with laughter; his full eye
Brimmed with mirth to overflowing.
Strange; but Ariadne saw
With strange eyes, a sight yet stranger;
Troops of shaggy forest whelps
Thronged around and brought no danger.
Bearded goat, and tusky boar,
Fox that feasts on secret slaughter,
Tawny lion, tiger fierce,
Harmless looked on Minos' daughter.
Lo! a spotted pard appears
At the feet of Ariadne;
Comes, and like a prayerful child,
Kneels before thee, Ariadne.
Pleased the savage brute she sees
Bend like sleekest ass demurely;
Mounts the offered seat, and rides
On the panther's back securely.
Forward now the spotted pard
Moves with measured pace and wary;
Then aloft (Oh wondrous strange!)
Paws the heavenward pathway airy.

Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Ruth," "Mary Barton," and other capital and popular novels, has written the Life of Miss Charlotte Brontë, the author of "Jane Eyre," which will be published shortly. A posthumous novel of Currer Bell is also promised very soon.—Lord Campbell announces another octavo volume containing the lives of three of his predecessors on the bench: Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, and Lord Chief Justice Tenterden.—It is stated that the original dispatches of Clive to the Madras government, after the battle of Plassy, have been discovered, after being buried for a century in the archives of the East India Company at Leadenhall Street.—Some books and collections of Mr. Berry, including the various early editions of Shakspeare's folio, have been sold; the first folio of Shakspeare sold for £47, the second for £8 12*s*. 6*d*., the third for £16, and the fourth for £6 18*s*.

We have fallen upon singularly fortunate times in the discovery of old and interesting manuscripts. The Boswell Letters are having a great run, as they deserve. We now perceive that some hundred folio sheets, in the handwriting of Emanuel Kant, have been discovered in the possession of a grand-nephew of Kant, which treat "on the most abstruse subjects" (of course), and will be, doubtless, of much interest to German and English metaphysicians. A Florence paper announces that the name of "The Man in the Iron Mask" is at last to be known, by means of manuscripts discovered in the fortress of Pignerol, where he was confined eleven years.

New editions of the Waverley Novels increase. Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. announce another, with three hundred illustrations, from drawings by the most distinguished artists.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

American Ref. Tract Society.

Home in the South; or, Two Years at Uncle Warren's. By a Lady. 1 vol. 12mo, 50 cents.

William H. Boyd.

The New York City Tax-book: being a List of Persons, Corporations, and Copartnerships, resident and non-resident, who were Taxed according to the Assessor's Books, 1856 and 1857. By William H. Boyd. 1 vol. 16mo, $2.

Rudd and Carleton.

Old Haun, the Pawnbroker; or, the Orphan's Legacy. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

Mason Brothers.

Eminent Americans. Comprising brief Biographies of 330 Distinguished Persons. By Benson J. Lossing. 1 vol. 8vo, $2 50.

A History of the United States, for Families and Libraries. By Benson J. Lossing. 1 vol. 8vo, $4.

C. M. Saxton & Co.

Chinese Sugar-Cane and Sugar Making: its History, Culture, etc.; with an Account of various Processes of Manufacturing Sugar. By Charles F. Stansbury, A.M. 1 vol. 16mo, 25 cents.

Mysteries of Bee-keeping Explained—the result of more than twenty years' experience in extensive Apiaries. By M. Quinby, Practical Bee-keeper. 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

BOSTON.

John P. Jewett & Co.

Moral Philosophy of Courtship and Marriage. By the Author of "Philosophy of Marriage." 1 vol. 12mo, 75 cents.

PROVIDENCE.

George H. Whitney.

The Life and Recollections of John Howland. By Edwin M. Stone. 1 vol. 12mo, $1.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 23d February, the credentials of Senators from Michigan, Virginia, and Connecticut, were laid before the Senate. The bill amending the tariff of 1846, and perfecting the home-valuation principle, was passed. After discussing the Submarine Telegraph Bill, the Senate went into Executive Session. The House passed the Deficiency Appropriation, and South Carolina Volunteer Bill; after debate, the item of $20,000 compensation to the members of the Kansas Legislature, was stricken out of the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation Bill.—Next day, Tuesday, this bill was passed by the House, as also was the bill providing for refunding duties paid on goods consumed by fire. The Committee on Elections reported, in Mr. Herbert's case, that the petition for his expulsion was without proof; the report was laid on the table. The various internal improvement bills were discussed in Committee of the Whole. In the Senate, same day, the vote passing the bill authorizing Minnesota to form a State Government was reconsidered. A bill was reported to apportion Government clerks among the States according to representation.—On Wednesday, the Senate concurred in the House amendments to the Submarine Telegraph Bill; struck out of the Minnesota Bill the clause restricting suffrage to United States citizens; and received the credentials of Senator Broderick of California. The House was occupied all day with the case of Mr. Gilbert, whose expulsion was proposed by the Investigating Committee. Mr. Gilbert was allowed to read his defense, but the House refused to recommit the report for the restoration of testimony stricken out by the Committee.—On Thursday, on petition from members of the Legislature of Indiana, a resolution was passed to institute immediate inquiry into the case of Mr. Fitch, claiming to be Senator from that State. A bill was passed to expedite the construction of a telegraph from the Atlantic to San Francisco. Amendments were made to the House Tariff Bill. In the House, the Miscellaneous, Army, Navy, Fortification, and Ocean Mail Steamer Appropriation Bills, were passed.—On Friday, the Senate passed several private bills, and likewise an amendment to the Post-Office Appropriation Bill, authorizing the conveyance of the mails from the Mississippi to San Francisco in four-horse coaches. In the House, Mr. Gilbert's case was taken up. A resolution to proceed with his trial forthwith having been rejected, Mr. Gilbert spoke in his defense and resigned his seat; on which the resolutions of the Committee referring to him were tabled. A letter from Mr. Matteson, resigning his seat, was read; but the House persevered in considering his case, and passed the resolution declaring him unworthy of a seat in Congress. A resolution was then passed, stating that the evidence against Mr. Welch was insufficient, and that no further proceedings should be had in his case.—On Saturday, the Senate passed the Deficiency Bill, omitting the item for books to Congressmen; the Judicial and Executive Appropriation Bill, with an amendment providing for a mission to Persia; and several Territorial bills. The bill providing for the distribution of offices among the States according to representation, was rejected. In the House, Mr. Edwards resigned his seat, in anticipation of the resolution to expel him; and Messrs. Simonton and Triplett, newspaper reporters, were expelled. The bill reported by the Investigating Committee to put down corruption was passed, then reconsidered, and finally laid on the table. The Senate's amendments to the Tariff were rejected, and a Committee of Conference appointed.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP—THE CABINET.

Mr. Buchanan's cabinet, which is examined at length elsewhere, is understood to be nearly complete. Mr. Cass has received a formal letter from the President, tendering him the office of State, and has signified his acceptance. It is understood that the Under-Secretary will be Mr. Henry Ledyard, of Detroit, Mr. Cass's son-in-law, who was Secretary of Legation in France with him. It is also rumored that Major Cass, the General's son, will return home for a share of the paternal bounty. The Secretary of the Treasury is, of course, Mr. Cobb; and the Department of War is definitely adjudged to Governor Floyd, of Virginia. The other appointments are distributed by news-letters as follows:

Navy.
Aaron V. Brown.
Interior.
Jacob Thompson.
Post-Office.
J. Glancy Jones, or William C. Alexander.
Attorney General.
Isaac Toucey.

No positive information with regard to these last appointments has been made public at the time we go to press, and it is possible that the programme may be varied. About Mr. J. Glancy Jones's fate news-mongers widely differ; some stating that he has declined the Post-Office, others insisting that he never had an opportunity of displaying such fortitude; others, again, declaring that he accepted long since, and is the very man for the post. A few days will decide.

GENERAL CASS JOINS THE PEACE SOCIETY.

There has been much talk about the prospect of a war with England, as a likely consequence of General Cass's appointment as Secretary of State; but the old senator is said to have made quite a dove-like speech on the Clarendon-Dallas Treaty. He wanted, he said, peace and good-will with all the earth, and especially with England. Therefore it was that he would not wound the pride of England by an unceremonious rejection of the treaty, but would try to afford her an opportunity of amending it, so as to meet the views of the American people. This speech has convinced people generally that the General does not intend to commence business by demolishing our mother country.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

The new Mexican Treaty has been received. It stipulates that in return for a loan of $15,000,000 from this country, for the repayment of which Mexico offers a lien of 20 per cent. on her revenue, Mexico grants us a reciprocity treaty, a postal treaty, and a differential duty of 20 per cent. in favor of American bottoms. The treaty is said to be held in abeyance till the advent of the new administration. It is a matter of life and death to Comonfort. Among the friends of the new administration it appears to be received with favor; by the Whigs and Republicans it is, of course, furiously attacked.

The new minister from Russia, who is the late Secretary of Embassy, M. Stoeckl, and also the new Spanish minister, Señor Tassara, have been duly received by the President. The *Union* published M. Stoeckl's speech—about the last favor it will have an opportunity of rendering to its Muscovite friends.

Mr. Buchanan is to send a minister to Persia, and Congress has been asked to grant him $12,000 a year; $2800 for a secretary, and $1500 for an interpreter. This should have been done long since.

The Submarine Telegraph Bill has become a law. The Company have by this time made their bargain with Government, at a rate not exceeding $70,000 a year, until the Company shall make 6 per cent. per annum.

Senator Sumner has resumed his seat in the Senate.

A FIGHT IN CONGRESS.

There has been another disgraceful scene in Congress. During the debate on the Judicial Appropriation Bill, the amendment to strike out the appropriation of $20,000 to pay the Kansas Legislature being immediately under consideration, Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, made some remarks which were not acceptable to Mr. Wright, of Tennessee, who said, *sotto voce*—"That's a lie." Mr. Sherman did not then hear the remark, but found it reported in the *Globe* the next morning. He called the attention of the House to the fact, and wished Mr. Wright to say what he chose relative to that remark, and whether he was or was not correctly reported. Mr. Wright replied that he meant by it no disrespect to the House; he believed at the time, and now believes the statement made by that gentleman untrue. Mr. Sherman rejoined that he had supposed it was only necessary to call the attention of the member, with whom his relations had been kindly, to the remark which had been read, to call forth from him a manly retraction; but in this he found himself totally mistaken. He believed the remark to be the language of blackguardism, produced by excitement and intoxication. Mr. Wright said he could not, of course, be expected to bandy epithets with the gentleman of Ohio until he relieved himself from the imputation cast upon him. That was all he had to say.

There was, of course, much talk about the affair, but nothing occurred till, soon after the meeting of the House on Thursday, Mr. Wright passed over to the seat of Hon. J. Morrison Harris, of Maryland, who sits near Mr. Sherman, and read to Mr. Harris a note he was holding in his hand. After the conclusion of his interview, and as he was rising from his seat and was looking about him, his eye rested upon Mr. Sherman, who immediately threw a quantity of wafers into Mr. Wright's face. The latter instantly struck at Mr. Sherman, but was caught by Mr. Harris, and prevented from following up his blows. It is said that Mr. Sherman endeavored to draw a weapon, but of what kind Mr. Harris could not say. Mr. Sherman says that Mr. Wright's look was menacing and insulting, and that caused him to throw the wafers.

A GENTLEMAN SHOT BECAUSE HE LOOKED LIKE A PICK-POCKET.

A much more serious affray took place on Saturday. It seems that during the immense pressure at the President's levee on Friday, Colonel Lee, a member of the City Council, and a clerk in the Pension Office, seized a gentleman by the collar, and charged him with picking his pocket. The gentleman charged was Mr. David Hume, of Alexandria, a highly respectable merchant. On Saturday Mr. Hume, accompanied by Colonel James C. Walker, reading clerk in the House of Representatives, proceeded to the Pension Office to explain and satisfy Colonel Lee that he was mistaken in supposing him a pickpocket. Lee, however, was fixed in his opinion that Hume had attempted to steal his pocket-book, whereupon Hume struck him with a stick, and in return was shot dead by Lee. The whole affair transpired in a moment, and before any one had supposed there would be a serious difficulty.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PRESIDENT.

It is understood that the President elect leaves Wheatland on Monday 2d, escorted by the Lancaster Fencibles, and proceeds to Washington *via* York and Baltimore. He is to be accompanied by Mr. Breckinridge. He has been suffering from a return of his complaint, and has seen no visitors during the past few days. At Washington, he will stop at the National on arrival. When he removes to the White House his niece, Miss Lane, will be installed as mistress of the mansion. His private secretary is to be his nephew.

HIS INAUGURAL COAT.

All sorts of surmises are afloat in reference to the Inaugural. It is pretty generally asserted that it will be short and forcible. But the only point that can be regarded as settled is, that when Mr. Buchanan delivers it he will be dressed in a coat made by Mr. Metzger, of Lancaster, lined with black satin, the stitching of which is somehow to represent the thirty-one States, with the Keystone in the centre.

HOW HE IS BORED.

The place-hunters have made up their minds that every office is to be vacated, and new appointments made from the Foreign Missions to the Postmasters. Mr. Buchanan has been fairly run down by applicants. A visitor says he is "bored incessantly. The other day a map agent called upon him, and was about unrolling his 'sample,' when Mr. B. stopped him by inquiring the price. 'Five dollars, Sir,' was the reply. 'Then send it on to Washington,' said Mr. B., as he handed over the price and resumed the reading of his correspondence. On another occasion he told a friend in the city that if 'a crazy-looking fellow,' soliciting subscriptions for a certain object, should inquire the way to Wheatland, he should pay him five dollars on his account, but by no means send him out. The last day we saw the President elect go into Michael's he was followed hot foot by a 'pilgrim' who had 'just missed him' at Wheatland. He rushed into the back room where Mr. B. was conversing with some friends, and commenced talking to him in an undertone. 'My dear Sir,' exclaimed the future occupant of the White House, 'it is proper I should inform you that there are over one hundred applicants for that office already, and more than a hundred must be disappointed. Send on your papers to Washington and they will be examined in their order.' The anxious gentleman who entered in such a hurry took his leave in the same manner."

THE DEATH OF DR. KANE.

Dr. Kane, the famous Arctic navigator, died at Havana on 16th ult. He had been considered daily improving until little more than a week previous to his decease, and had been in the habit of taking a daily airing in a carriage. Monday week last was a cooler day than usual, nevertheless he rode out as he had previously done, when he caught a fresh cold which terminated in his death.

Meetings of the American residents were immediately convened to pay honor to the illustrious dead. A letter was received by the United States Consul from the Captain General, to the effect that, as he had understood it was intended to send the remains of Dr. Kane to his native country for interment, and as there was not any United States vessel of war in port, he begged to tender the use of the government boat for the purpose of conveying the body of the deceased to the vessel destined to carry it to the United States, and he wished to be made acquainted with the period when the embarkation would take place, so that some of the members of the scientific corporations of this city might be attendant thereon.

The Governor of the city also sent an aid to the United States Consul, requesting to be made acquainted with the hour when the embarkation, etc., etc., would take place.

THE CEREMONIES AT HAVANA.

A person who had the melancholy privilege of taking part in the ceremonies, thus describes the embarkation of the body:

"Our fellow-citizens and a large number of the subjects of almost every European nation, assembled in front of Mrs. Almy's Hotel soon after seven o'clock. About half past seven, Dr. Kane's remains were brought out of the house in a coffin, which was enwrapped in the 'stars and stripes.' The Committee of Arrangements walked on either side of the coffin, which was borne on the shoulders of white bearers; then followed a military band, which performed solemn music; then came the United States Consul, and following him citizens of the United States and subjects of other countries to the number of six or eight hundred, among whom I observed the British Consul, and in this manner we walked two and two to the Plaza de Armas.

"There we were met by Colonel Echavarria, the Governor of the city, with his staff and aid-de-camp of the Captain General, and the members of various learned bodies, also another military band, which commenced playing a dead march; and the procession being joined by the above-named personages, we walked down in the same order as before to the government landing-place, where there was the Captain General's barge, draped with black, ready to receive the body. It having been placed in the barge, the Governor of the city and the members of the Committee, with the Governor's staff, followed.

"There were two other government boats in attendance which followed the barge bearing the distinguished dead, as did also the boats of almost every American vessel in the harbor. I also noticed two boats bearing the union jack in the line, and one bearing the Bremen flag. A prettier sight, though solemn as was the occasion, than this fleet of boats following the government barge moving slowly up this beautiful harbor, can not be readily imagined. Every American vessel, and, indeed, nearly all those of every other country, had their colors hoisted half mast high. When the body reached the quarter-deck of the *Cahawba* it was placed, I understand, in front of the wheel-house, those who followed it on board standing around in a semicircle, when Colonel Echavarria, apologizing for being unable to express himself in English, pronounced in Spanish an eloquent address on the distinguished character of the deceased, which was listened to with marked attention. The United States Consul, Colonel Blythe, replied in suitable terms in English, expressing the deep sense of obligation felt by every citizen of the United States for the high honor and sympathy that had been evinced by the authorities, for which, in the name of his fellow-citizens, he returned his and their heartfelt thanks."

HONORS AT HOME.

At New Orleans, Cincinnati, and elsewhere, the city authorities have paid marked honors to the deceased. In this city, at the meeting of the Geographical Society, Dr. Francis spoke as follows:

"I am grateful for the opportunity to give utterance to my own feelings of personal regret and delightful recollections, by concurring in the resolutions just offered by the distinguished member of the Geographical Society. While I accede fully to all that has been said in commendation of our friend's moral excellence, his attainments, his intrepidity, his disinterestedness, and his modesty; while with you I deplore his untimely death, I yet rejoice in his rare and beautiful example; I am thankful for what he lived to accomplish; I cherish his memory as glorious to our country, to science, to humanity. My personal intercourse with Dr. Kane has impressed me with a deep sense of his singular fortitude and candor. I beheld at our last interview, a few hours before his departure for Europe, with profound sorrow, the ravages of disease caused by heroic exposure and privation, and by his severe toil in his literary labors. I have heard, from time to time, with the warmest sympathy, of the success of his narrative, of his vacillating strength, and yet hoped to welcome him once more at the hospitable board of Mr. Grinnell, or in our midst here. Providence has ordered otherwise. He is no more; but his name is undying, forever associated with the capes and cliffs, the inlet and the open sea of the Arctic region; with their flora, their natural history; with the progress of maritime discovery; with the memory of Sir John Franklin and his noble lady; with the cause of science, philanthropy, and truth. The point of view in which Dr. Kane's Arctic expedition has mainly struck me is one growing out of my knowledge of the man, as illustrated by the record of his adventures. That record, in the manly directness and unaffected candor of its details, presents an example of intelligent fortitude, Christian patience, and self-devotion which acquires remarkable interest in contrast with the delicate organization of the writer; it is a rare and memorable example of the triumph of mind over body; it narrates natural wonders and moral, unsurpassed in curious novelty and suggestive knowledge from the story of Mandeville and the voyages of Cook down to the era of modern discovery; it breathes a grand lesson of moral courage, a beautiful revelation of scientific truth, and chronicles an unparalleled instance of benevolent enterprise; and all this derives new meaning and attraction from its association with the fate of a world-lamented pioneer into the frigid and dark regions of the North Pole, with the mutual and disinterested achievements of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the new combination of science and philanthropy that signalizes maritime explorations in our day. Such are a few of the salient points that give permanent and pathetic interest to his beautiful volumes. I feel assured that the Geographical Society will not be wanting in bestowing the proper meed of praise to the exalted merits of Dr. Kane."

JEFFERSON DAVIS TO BE LOCKED UP IN THE TOMBS.

One night last week a serious affair of honor occurred between two colored men named George Herritt and Jefferson Davis. These worthies, it appeared, were rivals for the hand and heart of the fair Miss Victoria Anderson (also colored), proprietress of a boarding establishment situated at No. 13 Baxter Street, and, as one might naturally suppose, were not on the best terms. What made the matter most exciting was the inability of Victoria to make a choice. George had a lovely voice, and could play the banjo exquisitely, while, on the other hand, Mr. Davis's noble figure, chivalrous spirit, and fiery temper made a deep impression upon the heart of the sable damsel. At last a plan was adopted to effect a choice, and it was this: The rivals were to meet at Victoria's mansion, and there enter into a deadly encounter; whoever came off victorious was to be rewarded with the coveted prize of the young lady's hand, while the defeated party was to hold his peace forever after. According to arrangements, the rivals appeared at the abode of their beloved Victoria, each confident of success.

The ordinary rules of dueling were entirely ignored; even seconds were not allowed the felicity of joining in the affair of honor. In a crowded room, of rather limited dimensions, the two colored gentlemen proposed to settle the difficulty by an exchange of pistol-shots. The duelists took their positions and were about to blaze at one another, when a friend of the belligerents, named Jacob Stewart, rushed between them and attempted to adjust the difficulty. In the excitement and confusion of the moment Davis fired his pistol, the ball from which entered the breast of Stewart, and inflicted a severe though not dangerous wound. The moment that Davis found that he had wounded Stewart, he took to his heels in the most cowardly manner, and without bidding Miss Victoria adieu, he scampered down Baxter Street, and was soon lost to view. Herritt reserved his fire until Davis had escaped, when, by way of proclaiming his complete triumph over the enemy, he discharged the contents of his weapon high in the air. The wounded man was immediately conveyed to the hospital and there taken proper care of. Nothing has been heard of Davis since his precipitate retreat from the battle-ground. The presumption is that he will remain quiet for some time to come, and however aggravating the absence from his lady love may be, he will have to endure it, or else run the risk of being locked up in the Tombs. Meanwhile Herritt's claims for the possession of Miss Victoria's hand being undisputed, the marriage of the happy couple may be daily expected. Whether Jefferson Davis, in his chivalrous tone of spirit, will return to Gotham and offer his objections to the performance of the bridal ceremony, or whether he will tacitly submit to his defeat, and weep in secret over the loss of his most ardent love, yet remains to be seen.

A MAN ATTACKED BY A WOLF IN A LARGE CITY.

A few days ago a young man named P. Bowman was attacked by a wolf on Washington Avenue, in Madison, Wisconsin. It flew at his throat, and, but for his presence of mind, in quickly drawing a small knife and stabbing it, he would doubtless have been killed. It followed him, however, and made subsequent attempts to get at him until he arrived at the American House, where he worked. Even there it stood in the middle of the street, and did not leave till two Germans sallied forth to attack it. The same animal, it appears, also attacked another man the previous evening.

HORACE VERNET ON HIS WAY HITHER.

A Brussels paper says that "the departure of Horace Vernet for New York is announced. Several pictures have been ordered of him, and this engagement will probably detain him in the United States about six months. We do not know if Horace Vernet has accepted the engagement, but a story is circulated in the different *ateliers* of eminent artists that he will not resist the tempting offer of $200,000. If Vernet should execute several pictures in the United States, he would undoubtedly realize an immense fortune. It seems that in America names are every thing. There are dealers in pictures who send annually a quantity of copies of masters to the United States, which are bought and paid for as originals."

A DOG ON FIRE.

The other morning, the passengers over the Jersey City ferry were a little startled by a large woolly cur dog rushing by, with its coat on fire, some mischievous boy having saturated the poor animal in camphene, and then set fire to him. He was chased into the river by some one who was merciful enough to drown him to put him out of misery.

A LADY-OSTRICH.

A respectable surgeon of Rochester gives the following startling account of a recent case which fell under his charge: "The subject was a young lady, nineteen years of age, of nervous temperament, very healthy, and the daughter of a respectable farmer in Butternuts, Otsego County, New York. She first came to my office April 28, 1853, to have a needle extracted from her left arm, which, she said, 'got in accidentally as she was moving a bundle of carpeting.' This, a medium-sized sewing-needle, was soon found, and extracted from the interior side of the fore-arm, about midway between the wrist and the elbow. In less than a week she called again, saying

she had another needle in her arm. I examined and found deep in the bend of the arm a hard substance, which proved to be a needle similar to the first, and accounted for in a similar manner.

"One week after this, six needles were found, deep in the flesh, about three inches from the elbow. May 29, fourteen were taken out, higher and more on the posterior side of the arm. 30th, seventeen were taken from the arm and shoulders. Some of these were superficial, lying just under the skin, but most of them lay deep in the flesh, and a number entirely under the biceps muscle. One, of large size, lay with two-thirds its length imbedded in the brachial artery. One large darning needle was found lying directly on the bone, at the intersection of the deltoid muscle; this caused some inflammation and suppuration, which led to its detection. June 4, twelve were removed from the left arm, two from the wrist, eleven from the left, and one from the right breast. The whole number extracted during the month of June was eighty-seven; September, ten; October, twenty-eight; mostly from the left breast and left side of the abdomen.

"About the last of November, 1853, she was attacked with violent spasms. These continued about three weeks, and subsequently, a large number of needles were found in all parts of her left side, from the shoulder to the knee. When apparently asleep she would converse with her mother, and tell her where the needles might be found, but when awake she could seldom be induced to speak of them. Also, when in this sleeping or somnambulic state, she was entirely unconscious of pain. While cutting through deep muscle, or in the most sensitive parts, we never could perceive a motion indicative of feeling—a number were extracted in this sleeping state—on the contrary, when awake, she experienced acute pain, even from the least incision.

"From January, 1854, no needles were found until the middle of the following summer, when she resorted to pins, cutting off the heads and thrusting them into the flesh. Subsequently she used hair-pins, either straightened and put in whole, or the broken halves. These were found deep in the large muscles of the thigh. Several pieces of wire, and parts of the largest size of knitting-needles, nearly five inches in length, were found lying directly on the bone of the thigh, on the anterior side.

"The whole number extracted was—of sewing-needles, 297, and these were of all sizes; pins, 67; darning-needles, 2; hair-pins, 5; knitting-needles and wire, each 5; total, 383. Almost every means has been resorted to to find the reason for so strange a fancy; but nothing has yet developed it. She is firm in her denial of knowing when, how, or why she did it, simply saying, 'It must be that I do it, for I know no one else does.' She is perfectly sane on every other subject."

THE SPIRITS DOING MORE MISCHIEF.

Five years ago a boy named Levi Phillips hung himself in his father's barn, in Nassau, Rensselaer county. The suicide caused no excitement at the time. But a while ago a spirit medium had a revelation. He invoked the boy's spirit, which related how his mother, accidentally detected in a criminal relation by him, had killed him in his sleep—driven a nail in his skull and hung him up afterward. The excitement caused by the revelation was so great that the Coroner and Assistant District Attorney of Rensselaer, attended by many hundreds of people, on Monday disinterred the coffin of the boy. But the skull was found perfect in every part, and a verdict was rendered, as other testimony showed, that he came to his death by his own act. But what a horrible accusation, and what a sad necessity on the part of the magistrate!

AMIABILITY OF THE IRISH CHARACTER.

Dr. Dixon, the talented editor of the *Scalpel*, told the following anecdote in a recent lecture: "The drunken Irishman is always ready for a murdering row. I received a capital illustration of this a few years ago, that showed forth in a very ludicrous light their grand failing; the unfortunate character of my professional pursuits at that time compelling me occasionally to visit their aromatic abodes. I had been officiating on one of those occasions which culminates in adding another citizen to the republic, and, overcome by sleep and the depressing assurance of the certain loss of my fee, I fell asleep in a chair, the closed shutters alone of an old rickety cabin intervening between me and the alley-way which led to the other tenements. Footsteps were indistinctly heard at intervals of my slumber, and the neighbors seemed amicably seeking their domiciles under varied amounts of the influence of the 'craythur.' I had slept some time, when I suddenly awoke at the sound of several violent kicks and cuffs, accompanied with suppressed gruntings and puffings, without a solitary word on either side; the exercises continued till perhaps a full dozen violent blows had been given, when an interval of profound silence occurred, and I was preparing to open the window and see if the blows had not been mutually fatal; at this moment, however, the parties arose, and after several powerful inspirations and nose-blowings, the conqueror, as it appeared from the nature of the dialogue, addressed his opponent:

"'Well, Dennis, are ye sathisfied?'"

"'Terry, I am perfectly sathisfied.'"

"'Thin, I can do nothing more for ye, Dennis?'"

"'Nothing more, Terry, thank ye, at this time.'"

"'Well, Dennis, will ye take a drink?'"

"'Terry, I will.'"

And both parties walked amicably out of the alley to the grog shop. What the cause of the quarrel was I never knew, and I think it doubtful if they did.

MORE FIGHTS IN KANSAS.

It seems that they are not all quiet in Kansas yet. A serious difficulty has arisen between Governor Geary and Judge Sherrod, growing out of the refusal of the former to appoint the latter sheriff, as desired by the Legislature. Sherrod avowed his intention to kill the Governor, and, meeting him shortly afterward in the street, spit in his face.

Geary did not resent this, but his friends got up an indignation meeting on Wednesday, the 19th, which Sheriff Jones, Judge Sherrod, and others attempted to break up, when a conflict ensued. One account says that Sherrod then shot a friend of the Governor's named Shepperd, and killed him; whereupon Jones, the Governor's secretary, shot Sherrod, killing him instantly. But later accounts discredit this Kilkenny Cat story.

Judge Lecompte has written to the President, attacking Governor Geary savagely. He finds little sympathy.

STRANGE SCENES IN COURT.

In the French extradition case, growing out of the robbery of the Northern Railway, two of our legal celebrities have had a pretty passage at arms. Mr. Joachimssen, Assistant District Attorney, was showing a paper to the Count de Montholon, then in the witness-box, for the purpose of identifying it, when Mr. Busteed, prisoner's counsel, asked to see it.

A NICE DISTINCTION BETWEEN A GENTLEMAN AND A LAWYER.

Mr. Busteed coolly approached the witness, took the paper, and was returning with it to the table when Mr. Joachimssen, who began to smell a rat, addressed him: "Say, say; where are you going with that paper?"

MR. BUSTEED. I am not through with it yet.

THE COMMISSIONER. The document should rightfully be in the possession of the District Attorney, and it is for him to say whether it shall go into the hands of the defendant's counsel.

MR. BUSTEED (*passing it to Messrs. Fogarty and Spilthorn, who commenced copying it*). It is in our possession now.

MR. JOACHIMSSEN. But it belongs to us.

MR. BUSTEED. We shall see about that.

THE COMMISSIONER. I shall not allow papers to be taken in this way.

MR. BUSTEED. Do you intend to adjudicate this question?

THE COMMISSIONER. I must adjudicate it so far as to see that order is not violated.

MR. JOACHIMSSEN. That paper is an official communication to the Consul-General of France, M. de Montholon, and it turns out to have no reference to these papers. This being the fact, we think they are not entitled to read it, and must return it.

MR. BUSTEED. How do you propose to get it?

MR. JOACHIMSSEN. I ask you to return it.

MR. BUSTEED. For the present I shall not return it.

MR. M'KEON. Will you not, as a gentleman, return it?

MR. BUSTEED. I am here, Sir, only as a lawyer.

MR. JOACHIMSSEN DEALS IN POWERFUL LANGUAGE.

After a few moments, Mr. Busteed offered to return the paper after the case was over.

MR. JOACHIMSSEN. We can't be exposed thus to having our papers stolen, if your Honor pleases.

MR. BUSTEED. What is that, Sir?

MR. JOACHIMSSEN. I say that the act is nothing less than the stealing of our papers.

MR. BUSTEED (*walking up to Mr. Joachimssen in a threatening manner*). What's that, Sir?

MR. JOACHIMSSEN. Stealing, Sir.

MR. BUSTEED. By whom?

MR. JOACHIMSSEN. By those who do such things, Sir.

COMMISSIONER. Order, gentlemen; I can not allow such proceedings; order.

A CORPORATION COUNSEL MIGHT HAVE BEEN ARRESTED FOR LARCENY.

The paper was retained by Mr. Busteed, who offered to return it next day. In referring to the circumstance, the District Attorney, M'Keon (said to be a countryman of Mr. Busteed's), thus expressed himself:

A scene had occurred which he deeply regretted, since, in consequence, it would go forth to the world that we are semi-barbarians. Who was responsible for that occurrence he would not say. A paper was shown to a witness, counsel for defense got it, and refused to deliver it up at the command of the Commissioner, and the latter, in self-defense, adjourned the court. A notice was sent to another party, intimating that counsel had it, but would not give it up unless before proper authority. This aggravated the offense. Some called the seizure petit larceny; others grand larceny; and some called it stealing. He had some experience in the courts, and if he understood the meaning of robbery, it was the forcible taking of the property of another, and were it not that he had examined the case of the People *vs.* Call, and found that the paper taken in that case was of no value (to Mr. Busteed), "So sure as you lived," said he, "I would have had you arrested for larceny."

SIXPENNY-WORTH OF LIBEL.

The Episcopal community have been much excited by a libel suit decided this week. The suit was brought by Mr. Hecker, proprietor of the *Churchman*, against Mr. Hopkins, editor of the *Church Journal*, for an article in the latter containing the following passages:

"Mr. Hecker has been chiefly remarkable for his success in the flour and baking business, and for his great failure in the newspaper business, a failure which seems likely to be aggravated so long as his other calling supplies him with money to be lost on paper and types. We admire his persevering liberality in a cause that entails nothing but loss, both in character and cash, and lament that so much of expense and energy should not procure some of that knowledge and discretion so indispensable to success in conducting a church paper.

"When the slander of the *Churchman* is found to proceed only from an uneducated dealer in cereals and an English layman, yet fresh from his mother country, whose opinions are those of his employer, the sonorous noise, powerless as stage thunder, and the sweet yieldings of kine, will never curdle the milk of human kindness in the breast of any reasonable man. We understand that in order to replace in some measure the funds so largely sunk in carrying on the *Churchman*, the proprietor, Mr. Hecker, is entering upon a new field of action in the blacking business."

The defendant justified, and the jury found that the plaintiff's character had been damaged to the extent of six and a quarter cents.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

THE OLD KINGLY HOUSES NOT DEAD YET.

THE Imperialist and Fusionist circles of Paris are occupied just now with very different, but to each of them very interesting statements. In the former, it is confidently asserted that the Pope has at last consented to crown the Emperor at Rheims, in the month of May, and has given the sanction of the Church to the new order of things in France. In the latter, a contract of marriage is announced between the Comte de Paris and the daughter of the Duchess Regent of Parma, who is the only sister of the Duc de Bordeaux. By this alliance the fusion will, it is hoped, be complete, and the conflicting pretensions of the Houses of Bourbon and Orleans be reconciled. At present, however, the youthful princess and future bride is only in her eighth year.

A FRENCHMAN INSISTS ON KISSING THE EMPRESS.

The beauty of the Empress Eugenie is proverbial. It seems that on 12th February a man was so excited by the sight of her, that he rushed upon her, and was of course instantly seized and searched for arms. He said he had none, but pointed to his lips, declaring that these were the only weapons he proposed to use.

THE CZAR IN PARIS.

It is reported that the Emperor of Russia will be in Paris in the month of April. The Emperor has ordered twenty-five magnificent opera-glasses (some of them to be ornamented with 2000 francs' worth of diamonds), which he intends to offer as a present to the Grand Duke Constantine when he arrives.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRINCESS LIEVEN.

The voluminous correspondence left by the Princess Lieven, which was found in perfect order, and classified in a most methodical manner, has been claimed by the Russian embassy. It is, however, doubtful whether this claim will be recognized, and every thing depends on the will of the executors. This correspondence can not fail to be both interesting and instructive, and would be valuable to many European Cabinets besides that of St. Petersburg.

THE FRENCH IN COCHIN CHINA.

Letters received at Paris state, that in the month of September last the captain of the French corvette *Catinat* presented a letter to the Cochin Chinese authorities at Touranne. The mandarins of Touranne, as well as those of Hué, the capital, not only refused to receive the communication, but replied with insolence. They cast the letter into the sea with an expression of contempt. The batteries of Touranne were manned, and preparations made to attack the *Catinat*. The captain of the corvette thought it better to anticipate the barbarians. He landed some marines and seamen, who, with one shot from a howitzer, burst open the principal gate. They then spiked the cannon, wetted the gunpowder, and returned quietly on board without noticing the musket-shots fired at them. The French spiked 60 brass guns manufactured in the country. The Cochin Chinese authorities were completely awed by the vigor displayed by the French commander. The mandarins came on board the *Catinat* and offered the most humble apologies, and demanded pardon of the great Emperor of the French. The *Capricieuse*, in the mean time, arrived to the aid of the *Catinat*, and the letter so contemptuously refused was accepted with gratitude, and carried to the capital with great pomp and every mark of respect. Provisions were brought in abundance on board, and the Cochin Chinese expressed their admiration at the punctuality with which they were paid. They were astonished that men so powerful should be so just. The effect produced by this demonstration, in which the French did not lose a man, was excellent.

HOW COMEDIES ARE WRITTEN IN PARIS.

One day, an author named Dupin brought to M. Scribe a piece in two acts, with two characters. M. Scribe added a part, cut out an act, rewrote it, and put it in rehearsal. Three weeks afterward the bills of the Gymnase announced the first performance of "Michel et Christine." The day it was played M. Scribe invited M. Dupin to dine with him.

"We must dine rapidly," said the host, "for you must go to the Gymnase with me after dinner. I have a private box; there'll be two persons on the front seats, and nobody will see us."

"Ah! ah! you then are the author of 'Michel et Christine?'" replied M. Dupin.

"Yes."

"Are you the only author?"

"No, we are two."

"Who is the other?"

"You'll see by-and-by."

After dinner they went to the Gymnase, and the curtain soon rose. After the first scene M. Dupin said to M. Scribe,

"Really this is an admirable play. Excellent!

The plot went on; M. Dupin's enthusiasm continued to rise; M. Scribe said to him,

"You can guess now who is my copartner, eh?"

"No—but—hush! not another word; let me listen to the play; it is admirable! admirable!—listen away!"

By-and-by, M. Dupin said,

"Zounds, why it does seem to me as if that situation was borrowed from our piece—Hein? what do you think?"

"Oh! it can be cut out!"

"No! no! I dare say the resemblance is accidental—unless you are the author of the situation?"

"No, it is altogether by my copartner."

"What is his name?"

"Hist! the curtain is about to fall; you'll soon know."

The curtain fell amidst great applause, and in a few minutes again rose to allow the manager to announce to the public that the authors of "Michel et Christine" were MM. Scribe and—Dupin.

"Ah! what a father! you don't know your own offspring!" said M. Scribe, smiling, archly.

"*Parbleu!*" replied M. Dupin, throwing his arms around M. Scribe's neck and embracing him, "it has been changed by the nurse!"

PLAY-WRITING A GOOD BUSINESS.

M. Scribe has made $40,000 a year by his plays, and has estates every where. He is very generous. No man ever appealed in vain to his charity, and it is said that he owed his life on one occasion to this generous sentiment. Lacenaire was one of M. Scribe's school-fellows, and he went to see him one day armed to the teeth, and determined to murder him and plunder his safe if he refused him charity. M. Scribe was so touched by his old school companion's story that he gave him a bank-note of five hundred francs; after Lacenaire's trial and condemnation he made this confession.

NOVEL-WRITING NOT.

Balzac, it seems, made but little money. His earlier years were obstinately laborious, but their employment was not lucrative. The great source of riches to the writers of fiction in France, the *feuilleton*, attained its extreme point of development but three or four years before Balzac's death, with Eugène Sue's *Mystères de Paris* and the *Monte Christo* of Dumas. Upon this, too, there was a drawback with Balzac. It was always stipulated that he should defray his own expenses of correction; and what these amounted to, they only can tell who were the witnesses of the process. "Babylonian corrections," exclaims Léon Gozlan, "*frais Cyclopéens;*" and so they were: and in fact, however well paid originally, Balzac's publications in the columns of the newspaper-press dwindled down through his mania as much as a good half or even three-quarters. "Where public report speaks of 30,000 francs, we should read 3000," observes M. Gozlan; and he adds: "One with another, and all things counted up, it is impossible that during his luckiest years even, Balzac should ever have realized more than an average of 12,000 francs a twelvemonth." This, as we see, bears but a small ratio to the *eighteen hundred thousand francs* gained by M. de Lamartine between 1847 and 1855, or to the *two millions and more* produced by the various works of M. Alexandre Dumas, which that prolific author has found means of squandering as rapidly as he realized. But Balzac could not resign himself to the idea that the public should believe he gained *less* than any one else; and by dint of reflection, he coolly invented a means of equalizing matters. This means was no other than the supposition of his debts—debts of which he was forever talking; which he pretended harassed his very life out; which were the canker of his peace; and which were in fact as much one of his inventions as any personage in his books. "Unable to make a noise about his horses, carriages, hotels, and the rest," says M. Gozlan, "he determined to make a noise about his debts, which became the representatives of the fortune *he did not gain.*" He succeeded; for he soon believed in the debts, as in every thing else; and the debts became proverbial, and were only doubted by the intimates who had found out the secret. The public was entirely taken in; and when any one observed, that "for the enormous sums of money he gained, M. de Balzac did not cut any great figure in the world," there was always a voice ready to utter, with deep conviction, the constantly repeated phrase; "A mint of money! well and good; but only consider *his debts!*"

ENGLAND.

PROSPECT OF PEACE WITH PERSIA.

The news from England is to the effect that no troops are to be sent from England to the East, and that peace with Persia is expected.

WHEN DID SIR JOHN FRANKLIN DIE?

A case, similar to the one we noticed a fortnight since, growing out of the loss of the *Arctic*, is now occupying the Scottish courts. The late Adam Fairholme, who died in May, 1853, left his whole property to his nephew, James Walter Fairholme, lieutenant in the royal navy, who sailed from Northfleet, on board the *Erebus*, for the North Seas, in May, 1845, and has not since been heard of. George Fairholme, another nephew, has instituted an action to have it found, under the destination of a codicil, that he is entitled to the whole of the testator's personal estate, valued at £37,509. This is opposed by other relatives, whose interests, so far as involved in the lawsuit, depend on whether or not James Walter survives, or survived his father. Proof by commission was taken with the view of legally establishing the questions raised in the case, and among those examined were Dr. Rae, Sir John Richardson, James Hargreave, chief factor in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, Captain Penny, and others. The upshot of their testimony was that there was strong presumptive evidence that Lieutenant Fairholme perished, together with his companions, some time prior to the end of 1852, and consequently that he pre-deceased his uncle, the testator, who died in May, 1853. The court thought that, under these circumstances, the pursuer, George Fairholme is entitled to a decree in his favor, but qualified by this condition, that before payment he should grant a bond with sufficient security to warrant the defender against all hazard from any claim to the money made by Lieutenant Fairholme, or others in his right.

IS JEWELRY A NECESSARY OF LIFE?

The famous Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, a well-known scamp, has again been in the Courts in London. He was sued by Hancock, a jeweler, for £150 19s. worth of jewelry. The defendant pleaded "never indebted" and "infancy." Mr. Edwin James, for the plaintiff, urged that the articles supplied were "necessaries"—that is, necessary for a person in the social position of Lord Ernest Vane Tempest. The first article in the plaintiff's bill was a diamond and ruby ring, which article it had been decided was a necessary for a nobleman. The next thing was an enameled hair-locket. Mr. Baron Bramwell—"What is that for, Mr. James?" Mr. James—"It is what you put a piece of hair in when you are attached to a young lady." Mr. Baron Bramwell—"Then all that I can say is, that I have been without necessaries all my life." Mr. James—"Your Lordship was never an officer in the Life Guards." The next articles in the bill were a pair of onyx sleeve-links, £3, and a set of gold studs, £2. Was it to be said that these were extravagant or unnecessary articles? The next item was a gold latch door-key. It was a piece of pride among the officers in that regiment to have their latch door-keys made of gold, and nearly every one of them possessed one of this metal. What would his mamma say if she heard that he had a latch-key of steel or iron, instead of gold, as the others had? Why, he was surrounded by persons of great wealth, and he must do as they did; and from his position, such things became absolute necessaries. Then there was a gold turquoise Alma locket—that was to put somebody else's hair in, most likely, or to give to one of his family, in remembrance of that battle. Then came an enameled pearl chain necklace, £7 7s.—that he could not wear outside his cravat, at all events; however, he had it. It was proved that goods to the amount of £65 15s. had been delivered, but the delivery of the remainder was not proved, as the witness is in Egypt. No defense was offered. The Judge directed the Jury to return a verdict for the sum proved—£65 15s. In doing so, the Jury expressed their strong opinion that the plaintiff ought to have been paid the whole of his demand.

GREECE.

The Allies are about to withdraw their troops from Greece; and there is at last some hope that King Otho will establish a fair constitutional government.

PERSIA.

THE CAPTURE OF BUSHIRE.

A correspondent, writing from Bushire, thus describes the operation of the capture of the place:

"On the morning of Sunday, the 9th, the force commenced its advance upon Bushire, distant, as I have said, about 12 miles. I should mention, by the way, as it may occur to you to wonder that a nearer point was not selected for the disembarkation, that the coast from Bushire to Halilla Bay presents an unbroken line of cliff, of no great height indeed, yet quite insurmountable for artillery, while in the bight of the bay the land slopes gently upward from a fine broad beach. The first brigade, commanded by Colonel Spopford, on the right; the second, under Colonel Honner, on the left. The steam frigates moved on the left flank of the army in support. Gradually drawing ahead, Sir Henry Leeke, in the *Assaye*, found himself about noon abreast of the old Portuguese (in the dispatches called Dutch) fort of Bushire, 4½ miles below Bushire. This and the neighboring ruins he observed to be occupied in force by the enemy. The position is described as a strong one, the fort having the cliff on one side, and a wall and ditch, deep though dry, on the others.

"The *Assaye*, 1700 yards distance, immediately opened fire with shot and shell from her eight-inch guns. The effects were shortly seen in the precipitate flight from the fort of a large portion of its garrison, of which the whole force is estimated at from 1500 to 2000 men. Some 800, as is supposed, remained, however, to stand the attack of the army, which was now rapidly approaching in line. As the troops came up with the enemy the *Assaye* necessarily ceased firing, and General Stalker, finding the enemy's shot dropping among his men, gave the word for the assault. Brigadier Stopford had dismounted to lead his brigade to the rush at the works. With a wave of his sword he was just calling to the men of his own regiment, the 64th, to come on, when a matchlock ball struck him in the breast, and he dropped dead upon the spot, shot through the heart.

"Furious at the fall of their Colonel, his corps dashed at the enemy's position, and in honorable rivalry with the Europeans was the other regiment of the brigade, the 20th Native Infantry, through whose ranks went the cry that the corps had never been in action before, and that now was the time to show what it could do. The 2d Europeans and the rest of the second brigade were also well up. For a while the fighting was sharp, and the bayonet bloodily at work, as the assailants forced the enemy back from the ruined houses and garden walls, and closed upon the fort. That entered, the survivors among its defenders broke out, and endeavored to effect their escape. Many slipped down the low cliff, and were making off unperceived, when the 4th Rifles, who were on the extreme left of the advance, resting upon the sea, caught sight of them, and brought their fire to bear upon them with fatal effect.

"Others got out upon the plain, and were then charged by the Poonah Horse and a squadron of the Third Cavalry. In command of the latter was Colonel Malet. This officer in the *melée* saved the life of a man whom a trooper was about to cut down. The Colonel turned away, and the scoundrel, catching up his matchlock, which he had dropped on imploring quarter, shot his benefactor dead. Two other officers fell in the affair, both Lieutenants in the 20th, Utterson and Warren, and yet—most strange disproportion—one only was returned as wounded. Among the native and non-commissioned officers and men the loss amounted to six killed and thirty-five wounded. Our opponents in this smart skirmish were not regular Persian troops, but Arab mercenaries belonging to two of the most powerful among the sea-coast tribes—the Dashti and the Tungestooni—and lost, it is believed, three chiefs of note, besides great numbers of lower degree."

NICARAGUA.

WHAT GENERAL WALKER IS LIKE.

Every body is aware that the General is a small man, with large gray eyes, light hair, and a clean-shaved face. He looks about 33 years of age. He is effeminate in appearance, and rather spare, and of sallow complexion, but has great powers of endurance. He is seldom inactive, and at all times shows himself to be of a nervous and restless nature. He is known to be a man very well read, speaking French, German, and Spanish fluently, while socially he is possessed of very gentlemanly qualities. Visitors may always count on a polite reception.

According to his officers, the General is kind and humane in disposition, frequently sharing his meal with a wounded or destitute soldier, and has often been known, when on a march, to surrender his horse to some poor, helpless fellow, and travel the rest of the way on foot. On one occasion he walked a distance of forty miles in this way—possibly to stretch his legs, but apparently from a dictate of kindness alone. One of his peculiarities is that he never smokes.

Time was when General Walker's army was pretty well supplied with regimentals, but their present aspect strongly reminds one of an old militia-training in Connecticut—some carry rifles, some muskets; some have bayonets, and some have not; some wear colored flannel shirts and straw hats, or Kossuth felts. General Walker himself may be often seen in the streets arrayed in a black Kossuth hat and blue shirt, with huge side-pockets, into which he habitually thrusts his hands while he walks. When on a march, he is usually attended by his orderly and a single body-servant; when in garrison, he has three or four of the latter, and two or three cooks.

HOW HE LIVED AT GRANADA.

While Granada was the General's headquarters he lived in an easy, dashing style. He occupied a commodious house; superior French cooks were in his kitchen, and his table groaned in a contented, quiet way with all the delicacies of the country. It is said that you only need money in Nicaragua to procure every thing desirable. You can get the finest of beef; venison can be had almost for the killing; fowls, eggs, and delicious fish from the lake are in abundance, and nearly every variety of vegetable found in the markets of New York can be had to order. At Granada, up to the time he left it, General Walker was accustomed to give *soirées*, sometimes as often as once a week. A very neat ball-room was fitted up at his quarters, and the music was supplied by an excellent band. The cream of the native population of the town were usually in attendance, the ladies being dressed in elegant style. The officers of the "Army of Occupation" were present in force, sporting white kids and bestowing excruciating attentions on the fair sex. A sumptuous repast was invariably served up during the evening, and Champagne and punches flowed freely at all times. At one of these *fêtes* our informant remembers seeing Hon. Pierre Soulé, who went through the mazy dance with amazing relish.

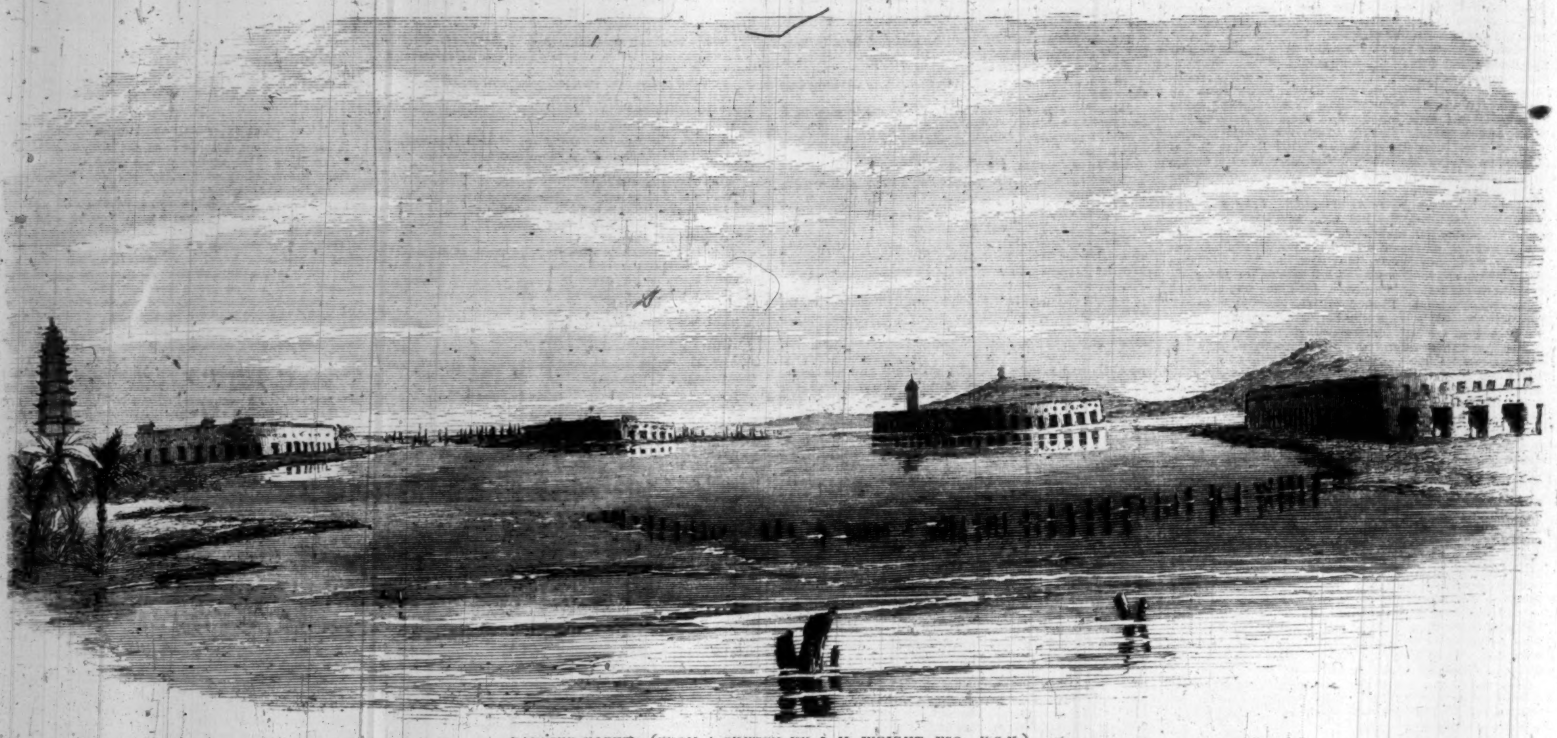
The nabobs of the place also gave entertainments in turn, and vied with each other in the exhibition of taste and costly expenditure. Serenades were very much in vogue on fine evenings, and a vast deal of sweet music was poured into the ears of the señoritas by the singers and musicians employed by the officers. Horse-racing was a favorite amusement with all hands, and betting in scrip and hard cash a necessary accompaniment. General Walker and his companions in arms frequently came the Yankee over the native aristocracy in betting, and "did" them out of considerable sums.

CANADA.

A CANADIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Dr. Rae, the Arctic traveler, aided by the contributions of kind friends, is building in Kingston dock-yard an Arctic schooner, to be ready in May to go down to Quebec, thence to the Arctic regions, to make one more search for Captain Franklin's party, dead or alive. Dr. Rae is to command the schooner, and the party of hardy adventurers to accompany him and man his vessel are selected and engaged.

The Canadian Parliament was opened on the 26th by the Governor, Sir Edmund Head. His speech contains nothing of moment.



BARRIER FORTS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. WRIGHT, ESQ., U.S.N.)

HOW WE TOOK THE CHINESE FORTS.

[The subjoined detailed account of the capture of the Barrier Forts, guarding the approach to Canton, written by the surgeon on board the United States sloop *Levant*, is furnished to us at the express desire of the officers of our squadron in the Chinese seas.—EDITORS *Harper's Weekly*.]

IT is unnecessary to recite the coercive measures of the English against the Chinese authorities at Canton, which required the debarkation of a force of seamen and marines, under Commander A. H. Foote, of the navy, to act for the protection of the persons and property of American citizens at the Factories. Such intervention has the sanction of repeated precedents; but, in this case, it was rendered imperative by the official correspondence of the *Tsoung-tuh*, or Governor General, and by atrocious proclamations, inviting a general massacre of foreigners, without distinction. The whole correspondence was a good illustration of the crafty diplomacy for which the Chinese are celebrated; and was intended, under the guise of courtesy and even solicitude, to contribute to the series of subtle combinations, by which the force of our present treaty with China was to be impaired and annulled. The Governor General ignored all obligations imposed by treaty, and had an obvious intent to disregard the provisions for the residence of American citizens at Canton, the guarantees of protection to their persons and property, and the stipulation that vessels of war might pass into any of the waters of China.

The withdrawal from Canton of the merchants and of the American naval force had, however, as a measure of expediency, been decided. The order of Commodore Armstrong to that effect had been issued, and was being carried to Canton by Commander Foote, in company with several officers, Mr. Sturgis, and the Rev. Mr. Macy, in one of the *Portsmouth's* cutters, on the afternoon of the 15th of November. When opposite the "Barrier Forts" they were fired upon without any warning. The colors were held up, and more fully displayed, waved, and pointed at, but the firing continued with round-shot and grape. The boat changed her course, and was still fired upon after she had turned backward. Commander Foote returned to Whampoa, and reported the circumstances to Commodore Armstrong. At daylight next morning a boat of the *San Jacinto* was dispatched, under Lieutenant J. C. Williamson, to sound the channel near the forts. This boat was three times fired upon, and the leadsman killed.

The whole of our small naval force in the East Indies was gathered at Whampoa, twelve miles from Canton, and six miles from the Barrier Forts. It consisted of the steam-frigate *San Jacinto*, bearing Commodore Armstrong's pendant, Commander Bell; the sloops-of-war *Portsmouth*, 16 eight-inch shell guns, Commander Foote; and the *Levant*, 4 eight-inch shell guns, and 14 thirty-twos, Commander William Smith, having in all, exclusive of sick, about five hundred and fifty serviceable men and officers.

The force at Canton was composed of detachments from each of the vessels, amounting in all to about two hundred and forty strong, left by Commander Foote, under the charge of Commander Smith, of the *Levant*.

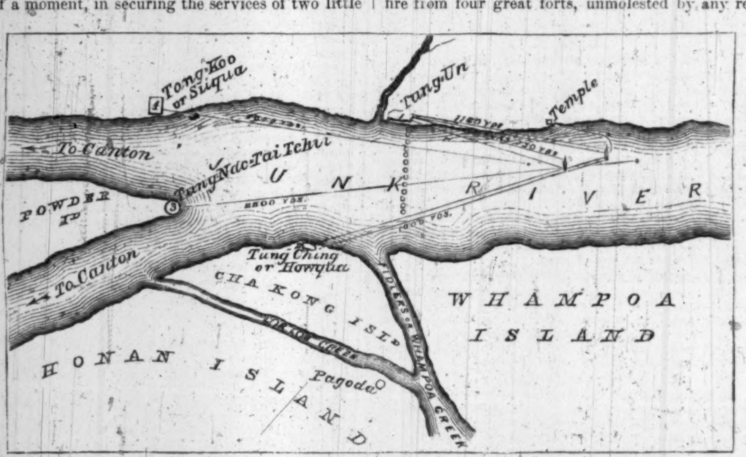
The communications by one channel were interrupted by the Barrier Forts, which persisted in their open and unprovoked hostility. Forts, in possession of the Chinese, also commanded the Macao passage. The flag had been insulted, and life had been taken, without a pretense to mitigate the atrocity. Diplomatic correspondence with the Governor General of Canton afterward brought no satisfaction. Commodore Armstrong determined to immediately inflict the chastisement which necessity and the redress of our national honor alike demanded.

The composition of our naval force rendered this belligerent duty one of very considerable difficulty and danger. We had not those light war-steamers which have been so often petitioned for upon this station—such as had enabled the English to conduct all their operations to the greatest advantage, by taking up choice positions upon an unguarded flank, without being baffled and endangered by strong tides and shoal water. The *San Jacinto* drew too much water to be brought into action in any way. The *Portsmouth* and the *Levant*, drawing about sixteen feet, ran also great risk of grounding under a raking fire, in a difficult channel, and on the top of the tide. It may here be stated that during the three weeks in which the ships lay in various places before these forts, hardly a day passed in which one or the other was not aground.

The Commodore was fortunate, without the loss of a moment, in securing the services of two little American river steamboats, the *Willamette*, of about sixty horse-power, and the *Cum-fa*, of about thirty. Both were obviously inadequate to manage sloops-of-war in a tide-way, but whatever assistance they could afford was very acceptable.

The tide served at one P.M. At that time Commodore Armstrong transferred his flag to the *Portsmouth*, and led off from the anchorage at Whampoa, in tow of the *Willamette*; the *Levant*, under the feebler tow of the *Cum-fa*, followed, half a mile astern, under the provisional command of Commander Bell, with a detachment of officers and men from the *San Jacinto*. About three o'clock the *Portsmouth* cast off the tug, five hundred yards from the nearest fort on the right (*Tung-Un*), and fourteen hundred yards from the nearest on the left (*Howqua's*), and dropped anchor. All the forts commenced a heavy raking fire before the *Portsmouth* sent a shot. Is farther proof required that the Chinese entertained from the outset a deliberately-hostile design? Before the *Portsmouth* was in position to reply, she had been struck several times, and some of her men were wounded.

Never was the beauty and power of discipline better shown than by the ease and order with which this fine ship took up her position, and sprung her broadside in a strong tide-way, under a heavy fire from four great forts, unmolested by any re-



ATTACK OF THE PORTSMOUTH AND LEVANT UPON THE FORTS.

turn. At half past three she distributed her broadside, with great impartiality and precision, among her four assailants, and maintained a continued fire, with regularity and rapidity, until it was quite dark. The fort known as *Tung-Un* was silenced; the fire of the rest slackened, until night closed the action. The ship, though often struck, sustained no material damage.

It was the misfortune of the *Levant* to take the ground just out of range, and to observe and to admire the well-performed manœuvre and action of her consort, without being able to afford any assistance. This drawback prevented the anticipated assault that evening, which was to have completed the work of the day. But one important object had been accomplished. Less than twelve hours had elapsed from the time American blood had been shed by the Chinese, to the bombardment of their defenses at the strongest point, to chastise the outrage.

The next day (November 17th) the Chinese did not appear to be disposed to commence firing. Commodore Armstrong, accordingly, paused in his operations, and in the afternoon repaired with his suite to the *San Jacinto* at Whampoa, with a strong hope that the Governor General would make the *amende* without further hostilities. Commander Foote, the next in seniority, was instructed to preserve his position before the enemy, but not to commence an attack while negotiations were pending, unless the enemy so strengthened their defenses as to make it expedient to arrest them. On board of the *San Jacinto* they met Dr. Parker, the minister of the United States, who had come up from Macao, but who took no official part in the pending difficulties.

The *Levant* floated upon the flood. The *Portsmouth* also took the ground, but at length found a satisfactory berth about 1100 yards from Tung-Un; while the *Levant* was able to move abreast and athwart the stream 170 yards nearer. It was an incessant labor, all day and all night, to contend with the irregular tides, and to maintain the broadside to the enemy. The channel was too scant to bring the ships into line, and the *Levant* was consequently in the way of her consort's guns. One or the other of the ships was constantly swinging aground. In the evening we had an accession of strength, by the return of Commander Smith from Canton with the whole force disposed there. In the morning he resumed his proper command, the *Levant*. Commander Bell repaired on board the *Portsmouth*, and remained in immediate command of the detachment from the *San Jacinto*.

So passed two rainy days, the 18th and 19th. The enemy were obviously satisfied with the chastisement bestowed by the *Portsmouth* singly, and were slow to invite retaliation from a stronger force. Though the ships were very much exposed, and often aground, the Chinese kept a profound silence, and labored like busy ants at their defenses day and night, erecting new sand-bag batteries outside of the granite walls, and bringing additional guns to bear upon both ships at short range. Whichever way you looked you met the open mouth of a great gun carefully trained. It was plain that the stone walls hid large numbers of men, and that the ships were commanded by batteries three times as numerous as their own.

It will scarcely break the thread of the narrative to introduce at this point a brief description of the "Barrier Forts," while it will render the detail of subsequent operations more intelligible with the aid of diagrams.

The ascent to the city of Canton by Junk River and Fidler's Creek is much the shortest, and is generally used by the native craft. The Chinese have accordingly been very solicitous to fortify this passage effectually. During the opium war the present forts were rebuilt, and a barrier of piles and sunken junks stretched across seven-eighths of the river, adding a new obstacle to the great natural difficulties of the stream. The forts, four in number, were judiciously placed to command the narrow opening by a murderous cross-fire. Hence the common designation "Barrier Forts." The Chinese have, however, adopted the general term *Tung* as a prefix to the name of each, which is equivalent to "Eastern," because they constitute the defenses eastward from Canton. On the right of the barrier was an oblong work, with three faces toward the water, pierced for 31 guns, which we have already designated as Tung-Un, or the "Eastern Luck." Opposite, on Cha Kong Island, was another, a thousand yards distant, called Tung-Ching, or the "Eastern Safety," covering the river with twenty embrasures. Powder Island divides the stream into two channels, both of which are protected by a round fort, called by the English Napier's, and by the Chinese the "Eastern middle-ground Defense." It is 830 yards from Tung-

FORT TUNG-UN, AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

Ching, 1330 from Tung-Un, and 500 from another square fort on the main, directly opposite, called the "Eastern Invincible," with 23 ports toward the river. The round fort was pierced for about 30 guns. They were so situated that any spot below the barrier, point blank from one, was within range of all the others. They were substantially built of oblong blocks of granite, from 12 to 18 inches at the base, and from 5 to 12 feet long; the sills and lintels of the ports were made of the long blocks. The whole height was 16 feet, and the thickness 8 to 10, the ports being crowned with a looped parapet. The ports were nearly six feet square, had no casemates, but were shielded from assault by double iron-shod doors folding outward. The interior was well furnished with strong brick barracks, store-houses, magazines, drains, etc. The angles toward the land were faced by one or two ports, and provided with arched gateways, and the remaining space closed up by a heavy brick wall, loopholed. All the guns bearing upon the barrier, about 45, were heavy Chinese, English, and American castings of brass or iron, of eight-inch bore. The brass guns were very strong; the iron ones, of Chinese make, were easily burst by jamming the shot, and were probably not trusted to any thing of greater diameter than a thirty-two, with a bag of small grape. One of the brass guns was a prodigious casting of nine-inch bore, twenty-four feet long, of at least fifteen tons weight.

These fortifications were built by the patriotic contributions of some of the original Hong merchants, who aspired for public honors by furnishing defenses for the state. Tung-Ching bears the name of "Howqua," and the square fort on the main that of "Souqua," and will be more conveniently designated by titles so well known to commerce.

Tung-Un, on the right, was the strongest and largest. It was the main reliance of the Chinese, and is said to have held the rebel fleet in check at the time Canton was besieged by them. A muster-roll was found in this fort dated a few days before our attack, which gave four hundred names under the command of one Mandarin. The garrisons of all of them were well supported by clouds of troops in the neighborhood. The number of Chinese engaged in the several actions can not, however, be estimated with any certainty; it has been stated on good authority as high as 15,000.

When Admiral Seymour commenced his coercive measures with the Chinese, his first care was to temporarily disable these forts. This was an easy precaution, as they were not then manned. The admiral bumped a light draught steamer over the barrier, took up a position on the western flank, which was left unguarded in the original construction of the forts, surprised the fort-keepers by a short cannonade, which was hardly replied to, and then quietly took possession with a very few men. He held them just long enough to spike the guns, and break the trunnions of a few of the smaller pieces. This occurred on the 23d of October. In the month which had elapsed the Chinese had not only drilled all the spiked guns, but had strengthened the faces toward the barrier by new pieces and new carriages. They had also an accession to the garrison of Tung-Un of at least one hundred well-drilled Chinese, who had just been discharged from the French frigate *Sybille*, where they had served for upward of a year. The face of Tung-Un, which looked toward our point of attack, was pierced with seven ports, all of which had been filled with new and heavy guns. Seven more guns were masked outside, and four of that number were of the most approved English construction.

Low rice fields and gardens surrounded the fortifications on every side, shielded from inundation by embankments along the river, and traversed by narrow dikes. Farther up the river could be discerned the low parapet of the "French Folly," then in the hands of the Chinese, but since captured by the English. A line of heights, about four miles distant, was crowned by the forts in the rear of Canton, and whitened by the tents of the Governor General's Tartar army, who were spectators and supporters of the actions of the 20th, 21st, and 22d of November, which we proceed to describe.

On Thursday morning, November 20th, there could no longer be doubt of the confirmed and hostile temper of the Chinese. It was also a delusive hope which we had reasonably cherished of a peaceful accommodation of the matter with the impracticable Governor General. He assumed the most arrogant and odious of the Chinese exclusive principles. He had written to Consul Perry that this might happen. Consul Perry should have informed the Commodore, and the vessels of war should have gone away. He expressed no regret, offered no apology, and alleged no grievance. The Americans had harmed no one, and given no cause of complaint. They had saved Chinese property within their lines from petty plunderers even more carefully than their own. The Governor General was only intent upon raising a crafty issue, which he supposed would frighten us into renouncing our rights and break down the treaty.

Besides the unpromising diplomatic aspect of the case, the Chinese were directing new engines against our wooden walls, rendering a position we could not easily change more and more unsafe.

Commander Foote decided to recommence hostilities. At half past six on the morning of the 20th both ships opened with a sudden crash from all their guns upon the devoted flank of Tung-Un, which shook the walls of the factories at Canton. Five guns were dismounted. The Chinese were so stupefied that they were unable to discharge guns ready trained and primed. Five minutes elapsed before a gun was heard in reply, but they maintained a very brisk and very effective cannonade afterward. The first round from this fort struck both ships, and sent several shot through the sides or into the dead wood of the *Levant* at the water-line. Edward Riley, a seaman, was at this time mortally wounded. In an hour and a quarter the assaulting force of two hundred and fifty picked men were called away to the boats.

The enemy were not silenced, but had slackened fire. Tung-Un was a mass of ruins, but one or two out of the fourteen guns bearing on us still played away at intervals; and the deportment of the garrison up to this moment would have been creditable to any nation. The other forts were saluted with the heavy shells of the *Portsmouth*, which crossed the bows and stern of the *Levant*, and were planted with remarkable precision.

The assaulting party was formed in three columns, led by the commanders of the three detachments, Foote, Bell, and Smith; Commander Foote, the senior officer, being the commander-in-chief. A launch, with a howitzer in the bow, led the van. The marines, seventy strong, were under the command of Captain J. D. Simms, and performed a conspicuous part, as the marines always must on such occasions. Four howitzers, under command of Lewis, Belknap, Adams, and Shephard, were so disposed as to be used in the boats or to be landed, as occasion might require. The lieutenants of the vessels were in charge of companies of sailors, armed with muskets or with Minié rifles. The assistant-surgeons of the squadron constituted the medical staff. All were animated with anticipations of success; and perhaps a darker spirit of retribution fired the hearts of the men of the *San Jacinto*, who had lost a much-loved shipmate, for a white streamer was inscribed, "Remember Mullen!"

About eight o'clock A. M., the storming-party, thus formed, landed at a temple on the bank of the river, six hundred yards below the fort, without opposition. The bonze, or priest, received them with a pious welcome, which almost shamed the sinister purpose which brought them to his sacred precincts. They formed and made a détour of nearly a mile upon the dikes, and crossed muddy creeks and muddy ground, by difficult and devious paths, before they could gain the rear of the fort they were about to carry. Three of the field-pieces were landed, and exhibited the great advantages of Dalgren's light howitzers over the heavy arms they have superseded; for they were transported over places otherwise impracticable. They finally reached a village, where they were annoyed by the enemy in ambush. Skirmishers and howitzers cleared the streets, but gingalls and rockets were constantly fired by unseen hands. The rocket might remind one of the "fiery darts," of biblical parlance. A feathered arrow, six feet long, with a long, flat steel or copper head, has a rocket attached, it cleaves the air with great rapidity, with an irregular motion, and the red-hot steel head inflicts a painful and dangerous wound, the rocket continuing to hiss and seethe and spit out fire after it has fastened on its poor victim.

While the storming party was advancing, the ships poured in their constant fire upon the forts, with a vigor which was very creditable to their diminished crews. Every one must have done his utmost; even the sick forgot their weakness in the general enthusiasm to keep up an uninterrupted fire, and to draw that of the enemy from their comrades on shore. Four of the marines and a number of seamen, who had languished for a long time with chronic diarrhea, joined the storming party; others who had hardly been able to leave their hammocks labored incessantly on the berth-deck, passing the shot, the shells, and the powder. These are acts of unostentatious bravery and devotion, the more deserving of notice that they so often fail to attract it.

As the assaulting force neared the fort in regular order the Chinese deserted their guns, but most of them were too late to gain the bridge which crossed the creek. They took to the water, and many were shot. Forty or fifty here fell. This is one index to the strength of the garrison, for the ravages of our shell must have driven out the larger part. Large bodies of troops hovered in the neighborhood, supposed to have been pushed forward from the Governor General's encampment on the heights in the rear of Canton.

The assault had cost two lives. As a gallant lieutenant planted the flag upon a conspicuous angle the ships in recognition cheered, and ceased a cannonade of nearly three hours' duration.

The manœuvres of the enemy outside soon demanded attention. They formed and pushed forward detachments, but were repulsed by schrapnal and shells from the howitzers, and volleys from the marines. The other forts also turned their fire upon Tung-Un, now under American occupation. The guns of Tung-Un were turned in reply, and the ships resumed a deliberate fire of shells at long range. However, before noon the game ceased, and the "Eastern Luck" had the misfortune to remain in the quiet possession of the Americans.

The face of the fort exposed to the ships had been so completely demolished, its guns (fourteen) dismounted, and its embrasures choked up, that it had ceased to be of any further service. The devastation produced within showed that the work was incapable of much further passive resistance. The *Levant* had sent 164 shell, and about 200 thirty-two pound shot. The fort was fairly conquered by the bombardment.

As our force was insufficient to hold our capture and to continue operations against the others, we had only to disable and destroy before going further. The guns were spiked, and the carriages and every combustible thing burned.

The greatest difficulty in taking the remaining works of the enemy was in bringing the ships within range. It was satisfying a great want, when, at one o'clock, the American Vice-Consul, Mr. Cook, came on board of the *Levant*, and offered the services of the steamer *Cum-fa*, provided we could furnish engineers. He was referred to the Commodore at Whampoa, who accepted the offer, and appointed Engineers Victor and Baker to the dangerous post. Mr. Robinet, a well-known merchant of Canton, of Peruvian extraction, but an American citizen by adoption, volunteered to act as pilot, and subsequently discharged what he had undertaken to do with exact success and with admirable self-possession. It is with lively satisfaction that the offer of personal service of many other American citizens is here recorded, and their valuable services recognized.

It was decided to leave the *Portsmouth* in her present berth, and to bring up the *Levant* to close quarters with the rest of the forts, for the former drew too much water.

Every preparation was accordingly made to engage the remaining works the next morning. The enemy determined this time not to be taken by surprise, for as the capstan began its round at three in the morning they gave us a salvo, which sent heavy shot whistling over the *Levant*, and into the bends of the *Portsmouth*. Both ships returned shells, and the *Levant* proceeded to get under way unmolested.

At four o'clock, Commander Bell brought off the whole force from the captured fort.

Mr. Robinet then brought the *Cum-fa* alongside, and, aided by the flood-tide, soon placed the *Levant* a good half mile in advance, 830 yards from Howqua's fort, the special object of attack, 1500 yards from the round work on the Island, and 1700 yards from the square one on the main. The *Portsmouth*, in her former position, supported the *Levant* with her fine shell-guns, at a range from 1600 to 2500 yards.

As the ship advanced, the enemy opened fire from every available gun, to which the *Levant* replied at six o'clock. For at least an hour she sustained the brunt of as brilliant an engagement as that in which the *Portsmouth* had led off five days before, but the effect upon the works of the enemy was much less destructive than the concentrated fire of the previous day. Enough, however, was done to show that the enemy slackened their fire, because their works were barely tenable. A few of the most persevering still stood by the guns of Howqua's, and deliberately sent shot at intervals of ten minutes. The shell of the *Portsmouth*, in reply, fell in the very ports of the enemy, and dismounted the guns. The ring of the great brass piece in the Round Fort could be also distinguished, and its eight-inch shot rarely failed to strike the ship.

In the mean time, the storming-party had been arranged in the boats in the same order as before, and all were taken in tow of the *Cum-fa*. Mr. Robinet's knowledge of the channel enabled him to keep the shelter of the river embankment until he emerged from the extreme point of Whampoa Island into Fidler's Creek. At this point the exposure to a heavy cross-fire was inevitable. An embrasure of the Square Fort had been specially constructed to command this spot at 1600 yards, and a ricochet shot from its heavy gun struck and raked the launch of the *San Jacinto*, under the command of Lewis, killing three men and disabling seven. The landing was effected immediately afterward without confusion. The assault was conducted from different points, so that the Chinese, who appeared for a moment disposed to contest the possession of the fort, were disconcerted, and withdrew after an ineffective fire of gingalls and rockets. The work was carried by crossing a ditch. A gallant corporal of marines, William H. M'Dougal, was the first to raise the American flag above the parapet, and he was the successful competitor for the same honor in the storming of the Round Fort afterward. The howitzers and the marines had a fine opportunity of manœuvring against a strong body who made a stand upon the hilly ground upon which the pagoda rises; the fire in the rear from the square work on the main rendered the skirmish a warm one. Launches ascending Fidler's Creek poured in a fire by water. The marines, in following up the embankment, discovered six English twelve pounders arranged in a battery of gabions and sand-bags, and turned its guns across the fields upon such of the enemy as remained within range.

This breast-work was directly opposite the Round Fort on Powder Island, and only three hundred yards distant. With a view to an assault finally, the boats were tracked to this spot, and while the preparations were being made the magazine exploded. When the boats crossed over, the Round Fort was found deserted.

Thirty-eight guns here fell into our possession, generally of good quality.

The captured works were held through the night. Before light the next morning began the arrangements for storming the Square Fort. It was carried without injury to any one, notwithstanding it was the most critical and gallant of the whole series of actions.

Three howitzers were left in battery to shell the fort, and draw the enemy's fire. As before, the boats were formed in three divisions, under their respective commanders, Captain Foote leading and commanding in chief. The launch of the *Portsmouth* led the van with a howitzer. The distance in a straight line is only five hundred yards, but the circuit of an intervening spit lengthened the distance, and fearfully exposed the flotilla to the fire of an entire face of the fort. As they emerged from the cover of the Round Fort the Chinese stood their ground with more than usual determination. Bright sheets of flame lit up the whole granite walls, and a storm of grape fell among the oar-blades. The howitzers in our battery fired with increased rapidity; the enemy answered by another shower of grape upon the boats. At this anxious moment the leading boat grounded; the men jumped out and got her afloat again without confusion, and all moved on again under an unceasing fire. Hearty cheers gave the impulse as they neared the shore, and the Chinese then wavered and fled, but not without having sustained the prestige of their devices; for they laid the slow-match to a train which led to several well-charged guns, to sweep the main entrance as we unsuspiciously entered. A quick eye discovered and averted the danger. Then began the usual skirmish with the bodies of troops on the adjacent plains and hills. For a while the air was filled with rockets, which were found to have an effective range of more than eight hundred yards. At this moment an occasional shell from the *Portsmouth* fell opportunely where other weapons might not have reached. Thus assailed, the enemy moved off in good order, out of sight and out of reach. Our readers may share the joy of the comrades of those who were in this critical assault, when anticipating the worst which could be apprehended, they greeted with the heartiest of cheers the report that not a single person had been hurt.

The casualties had, however, from first to last, swelled to a number melancholy enough. Before the work had been entirely completed, a disastrous explosion, in mining one of the forts, added to a list already large.

Ten were killed. Some of the unpromising of the cases of sickness came also, to say the least, to a speedier end. Forty were wounded. The increasing sick lists of the ship proved also that the incurable diseases of the pestilential climate were making insidious progress. Those who plan and calculate the cost of campaigns in cabinets at home, and sentimentalists who dwell on the calamities of war, have been too slow to appreciate what the history of all military operations discloses, that one-half or two-thirds of the success of a cruise or a campaign is to be ascribed to sanitary regulations—perhaps even to a matter as insignificant as a supply of quinine. And the writer seeks the emphasis of this occasion to remark, that the fatal policy of long cruises upon this station only ends in a waste of money and a waste of life; in a prodigal waste of the popularity of the navy among American sailors.

The Chinese confess to a loss of 500 killed. The prizes of the contest were 176 guns.

The facility with which the Chinese run from their defenses, and then return and repair the damages to the guns, and the desire of the Commodore to make a lasting impression for the final benefit of American interests, led to a decision which every body hailed with delight—to burst the guns and to blow up the forts.

This important and laborious duty was consigned to the direction of Commander Bell, and the work was well done after the continued exertions of two weeks. The Chinese did but little to arrest the proceeding, but they went far enough to show a manifest disapprobation of it. They lurked around the works at night and menaced an attack. They once planted scaling-ladders and threw rockets. And after the Square Fort had been converted into a pile of detached blocks of granite, and had been entirely deserted, they sounded a charge, and with loud shouts took the stones by night. But as they found it rather open to shelling from the *Levant*, they retired without attempting to hold it.

The majesty of the great brass gun taxed the ingenuity of the engineers for its destruction, but by dint of laborious drilling, and wedging the balls and stuffing with clay, and of immense charges of powder, it was finally opened in radiating seams, and rendered useless as a weapon of war.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH. WILL THEY COME?

The housekeeper at Porthgenna Tower had just completed the necessary preparations for the reception of her master and mistress, at the time mentioned in Mrs. Frankland's letter from St. Swithin's-on-Sea, when she was startled by receiving a note sealed with black wax, and surrounded by a thick mourning border. The note briefly communicated the news of Captain Treverton's death, and informed her that the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland to Porthgenna was deferred for an indefinite period.

By the same post, the builder who was superintending the renovation of the west staircase also received a letter, requesting him to send in his account as soon as the repairs on which he was then engaged were completed; and telling him that Mr. Frankland was unable, for the present, to give any further attention to the project for making the north rooms habitable, in consequence of a domestic affliction which might possibly change his intentions in regard to the alteration proposed in that part of the house. On the receipt of this communication, the builder withdrew himself and his men as soon as the west stairs and banisters had been made secure; and Porthgenna Tower was again left to the care of the housekeeper and her servant, without master or mistress, friends or strangers, to thread its solitary passages or enliven its empty rooms.

From this time, eight months passed away, and the housekeeper heard nothing of her master and mistress, except through the medium of paragraphs in the local newspaper, which dubiously referred to the probability of their occupying the old house, and interesting themselves in the affairs of their tenantry, at no very distant period. Occasionally, too, when business took him to the post-town, the steward collected reports about his employers among the old friends and dependents of the Treverton family. From these sources of information, the housekeeper was led to conclude that Mr. and Mrs. Frankland had returned to Long Beckley, after receiving the news of Captain Treverton's death, and had lived there for some months in strict retirement. When they left that place, they moved (if the newspaper report was to be credited) to the neighborhood of London, and occupied the house of some friends who were traveling on the continent. Here they must have remained for some time, for the new year came and brought no rumors of any change in their place of abode. January and February passed without any news of them. Early in March the steward had occasion to go to the post-town. When he returned to Porthgenna,

he came back with a new report relating to Mr. and Mrs. Frankland, which excited the housekeeper's interest in an extraordinary degree. In two different quarters, each highly respectable, the steward had heard it facetiously announced that the domestic responsibilities of his master and mistress were likely to be increased by their having a nurse to engage and a crib to buy at the end of the spring or the beginning of the summer. In plain English, among the many babies who might be expected to make their appearance in the world in the course of the next three months, there was one who would inherit the name of Frankland, and who (if the infant luckily turned out to be a boy) would cause a sensation throughout West Cornwall as heir to the Porthgenna estate.

In the next month, the month of April, before the housekeeper and the steward had done discussing their last and most important fragment of news, the postman made his welcome appearance at Porthgenna Tower, and brought another note from Mrs. Frankland. The housekeeper's face brightened with unaccustomed pleasure and surprise as she read the first line. The letter announced that the long-deferred visit of her master and mistress to the old house would take place early in May, and that they might be expected to arrive any day from the first to the tenth of the month.

The reasons which had led the owners of Porthgenna to fix a period, at last, for visiting their country seat, were connected with certain particulars into which Mrs. Frankland had not thought it advisable to enter in her letter. The plain facts of the case were, that a little discussion had arisen between the husband and wife in relation to the next place of residence which they should select, after the return from the continent of the friends whose house they were occupying. Mr. Frankland had very reasonably suggested returning again to Long Beckley—not only because all their oldest friends lived in the neighborhood, but also (and circumstances made this an important consideration) because the place had the advantage of possessing an excellent resident medical man. Unfortunately this latter advantage, so far from carrying any weight with it in Mrs. Frankland's estimation, actually prejudiced her mind against the project of going to Long Beckley. She had always, she acknowledged, felt an unreasonable antipathy to the Doctor there. He might be a very skillful, an extremely polite, and an undeniably respectable man; but she never had liked him, and never should, and she was resolved to oppose the plan for living at Long Beckley, because the execution of it would oblige her to commit herself to his care. Two other places of residence were next suggested; but Mrs. Frankland had the same objection to oppose to both—in each case, the resident Doctor would be a stranger to her, and she did not like the notion of being attended by a stranger. Finally, as she had all along anticipated, the choice of the future abode was left entirely to her own inclinations; and then, to the amazement of her husband and her friends, she immediately decided on going to Porthgenna. She had formed this strange project, and was now resolved on executing it, partly because she was more curious than ever to see the place again; partly, because the Doctor who had been with her mother in Mrs. Treverton's last illness, and who had attended her through all her own little maladies, when she was a child, was still living and practicing in the Porthgenna neighborhood. Her father and the Doctor had been old cronies, and had met for years at the same chess-board every Saturday night. They had kept up their friendship, when circumstances had separated them, by exchanges of Christmas presents every year; and when the sad news of the Captain's death had reached Cornwall, the Doctor had written a letter of sympathy and condolence to Rosamond, speaking in such terms of his former friend and patron as she could never forget. He must be a nice, fatherly old man, now—the man of all others who was fittest, on every account, to attend her. In short, Mrs. Frankland was just as strongly prejudiced in favor of employing the Porthgenna Doctor as she was prejudiced against employing the Long Beckley Doctor; and she ended, as all young married women, with affectionate husbands, may and do end, whenever they please—by carrying her own point, and having her own way.

On the first of May, the west rooms were all ready for the reception of the master and mistress of the house. The beds were aired, the carpets cleaned, the sofas and chairs uncovered. The housekeeper put on her satin gown and her garnet brooch; the maid followed suit, at a respectful distance, in brown merino and a pink ribbon; and the bald old steward, determining not to be outdone by the women, produced a new and becoming auburn wig, ordered expressly for the occasion, and a black brocaded waistcoat, which almost rivaled the gloom and grandeur of the housekeeper's satin gown. The day wore on, evening closed in, bedtime came—and there were no signs yet of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland.

But the first was an early day on which to expect them. The steward thought so, and the housekeeper added that it would be foolish to feel disappointed, even if they did not arrive until the fifth. The fifth came, and still nothing happened. The sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth followed; and no sound of the expected carriage-wheels came near the lonely house.

On the tenth, and last day, the housekeeper, the steward, and the maid, all three rose earlier than usual; all three opened and shut doors, and went up and down stairs oftener than was needful; all three looked out perpetually toward the moor and the high road, and thought the view flatter, and duller, and emptier than ever it had appeared to them before. The day waned, the sunset came; darkness changed the perpetual looking out of the housekeeper, the steward, and the maid, into perpetual listening; ten o'clock struck, and still there was nothing to be heard when they went to the open window but the dull, wearisome, ceaseless beating of the surf on the sandy shore.

The housekeeper began to calculate the time that would be consumed on the railway journey from London to Devonshire, and on the posting journey afterward through Cornwall to Porthgenna. When had Mr. and Mrs. Frankland left Plymouth?—that was the first question. And what delays might they have encountered afterward in getting horses?—that was the second. The housekeeper and the steward differed irritably in debating these points; but both agreed that it was necessary to sit up until midnight, on the chance of the master and mistress arriving late. The maid, hearing her sentence of banishment from bed for the next two hours pronounced by the superior authorities, yawned and sighed mournfully—was reproved by the steward—and was furnished by the housekeeper with a book of Hymns to read, to keep up her spirits.

Twelve o'clock struck, and still the monotonous beating of the surf, varied occasionally by those loud, mysterious, cracking noises which make themselves heard at night in an old house, were the only audible sounds. The steward was dozing; the maid was fast asleep under the soothing influence of the Hymns; the housekeeper was wide awake, with her eyes fixed on the window, and her head shaking forebodingly from time to time. At the last stroke of the clock she left her chair, listened attentively, and still hearing nothing, shook the maid irritably by the shoulder, and stamped on the floor to arouse the steward.

"We may go to bed," she said. "They are not coming."

"Did you say they were not coming at all?" asked the steward, sleepily setting his wig straight.

"No; I said they were not coming," answered the housekeeper, sharply. "But it wouldn't surprise me, for one, if we never set eyes on them after all our trouble in getting the place ready. This is the second time they have disappointed us. The first time the Captain's death stood in the way. What stops them now? Another death? I shouldn't wonder if it was."

"No more should I," assented the steward, with a yawn.

"Another death!" repeated the housekeeper, superstitiously. "If it *is* another death, I should take it, in their place, as a warning to keep away from the house."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH. MRS. JAZEPH.

If, instead of hazarding the guess that a second death stood in the way of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's arrival at Porthgenna, the housekeeper had, by way of variety, surmised, this time, that a birth was the obstacle which delayed them, she might have established her character as a wise woman, by hitting at random on the actual truth. Her master and mistress had started from London on the ninth of May, and had got through the greater part of their railway journey, when they were suddenly obliged to stop, on Mrs. Frankland's account, at the station of a small town in Somersetshire. The little visitor who was destined to increase the domestic responsibilities of the young married couple, had chosen to enter on the scene in the character of a robust boy-baby, a month earlier than he had been expected, and had modestly preferred to make his first appearance in a small Somersetshire inn, rather than wait to be ceremoniously welcomed to life in the great house of Porthgenna, which he was one day to inherit.

Very few events had ever produced a greater sensation in the town of West Winston, than the one small event of the unexpected stoppage of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's journey at that place. Never, since the last election, had the landlord and landlady of the Tiger's Head Hotel bustled about their house in such a fever of excitement as possessed them when Mr. Frankland's servant and Mrs. Frankland's maid drew up at the door in a fly from the station, to announce that their master and mistress were behind, and that the largest and quietest rooms in the hotel were wanted immediately, under the most unexpected and most interesting circumstances. Never, since he had triumphantly passed his examination, had young Mr. Orridge, the new Doctor, who had started in life by purchasing the West Winston practice, felt such a thrill of pleasurable agitation pervade him from top to toe, as when he heard that the wife of a blind gentleman of great fortune had been taken ill on the railway journey from London to Devonshire at the West Winston station, and required all that his skill and attention could do for her, without a moment's delay. Never, since the last archery meeting and fancy fair, had the ladies of the town been favored with such an all-absorbing subject for conversation as was now afforded to them by Mrs. Frankland's mishap. Fabulous accounts of the wife's beauty and the husband's fortune, poured from the original source of the Tiger's Head, and trickled through the highways and by-ways of the little town. There were a dozen different reports, one more elaborately false than the other, about Mr. Frankland's blindness, and the cause of it; about the lamentable condition in which his wife had arrived at the hotel; and about the painful sense of responsibility which had unnerved the inexperienced Mr. Orridge from the first moment when he set eyes on "his fashionable and lovely patient." It was not till eight o'clock in the evening that the public mind was relieved at last from all suspense by an announcement that the child was born, and screaming lustily; that the mother was wonderfully well, considering all things; and that Mr. Orridge had not only kept possession of his nerves, but had covered himself with distinction by the skill, tenderness, and attention with which he had performed his duties.

On the next day, and the next, and for a week after that, the accounts were still favorable. But on the tenth day, a catastrophe was reported. The nurse who was in attendance on Mrs. Frankland had been suddenly taken ill, and was rendered quite incapable of performing any further service for at least a week to come, and perhaps for a much longer period. In a large town this misfortune might have been readily remedied, but in a place like West Winston it was not so easy to supply the loss of an experienced nurse at a few hours' notice. When Mr. Orridge was consulted in the new emergency, he candidly acknowledged that he required a little time for consideration before he could undertake to find another professed nurse of sufficient character and experience to wait on a lady like Mrs. Frankland. Mr. Frankland suggested telegraphing to a medical friend in London for a nurse, but the Doctor was unwilling for many reasons to adopt that plan, except as a last resource. It would take some time to find the right person, and to send her to West Winston; and, moreover, he would infinitely prefer employing a woman with whose character and capacity he was himself acquainted. He therefore proposed that Mrs. Frankland should be trusted for a few hours to the care of her maid, under supervision of the landlady of the Tiger's Head, while he made inquiries in the neighborhood. If the inquiries produced no satisfactory result, he should be ready, when he called in the evening, to adopt Mr. Frankland's idea of telegraphing to London for a nurse.

On proceeding to make the investigation that he had proposed, Mr. Orridge, although he spared no trouble, met with no success. He found plenty of volunteers for the office of nurse, but they were all loud-voiced, clumsy-handed, heavy-footed countrywomen, kind and willing enough, but sadly awkward, blundering attendants to place at the bedside of such a lady as Mrs. Frankland. The morning hours passed away, and the afternoon came, and still Mr. Orridge had found no substitute for the invalided nurse whom he could venture to engage.

At two o'clock he had half an hour's drive before him to a country house, where he had a child-patient to see. "Perhaps I may remember somebody who may do, on the way out, or on the way back again," thought Mr. Orridge, as he got into his gig. "I have some hours at my disposal still before the time comes for my evening visit at the inn."

Puzzling his brains, with the best intention in the world, all along the road to the country house, Mr. Orridge reached his destination without having arrived at any other conclusion than that he might just as well state his difficulty to Mrs. Norbury, the lady whose child he was about to prescribe for. He had called on her when he bought the West Winston practice, and had found her one of those frank, good-humored, middle-aged women, who are generally designated by the epithet "motherly." Her husband was a country squire, famous for his old politics, his old jokes, and his old wine. He had seconded his wife's hearty reception of the new Doctor, with all the usual jokes about never giving him any employment, and never letting any bottles into the house, except the bottles that went down into the cellar. Mr. Orridge had been amused by the husband and pleased with the wife; and he thought it might be at least worth while, before he gave up all hope of finding a fit nurse, to ask Mrs. Norbury, as an old resident in the West Winston neighborhood, for a word of advice.

Accordingly, after seeing the child and pronouncing that there were no symptoms about the little patient which need cause the slightest alarm to any body, Mr. Orridge paved the way for a statement of the difficulty that beset him, by asking Mrs. Norbury if she had heard of the "interesting event" that had happened at the Tiger's head.

"You mean," answered Mrs. Norbury, who was a downright woman, and a resolute speaker of the plainest possible English; "you mean, have I heard about that poor unfortunate lady who was taken ill on her journey, and who had a child born at the inn? We have heard so much, and no more—living as we do (thank Heaven!) out of reach of the West Winston gossip. How is the lady? Who is she? Is the child well? Is she tolerably comfortable, poor thing? Can I send her any thing, or do any thing for her?"

"You would do a great thing for her, and render a great assistance to me," said Mr. Orridge, "if you could tell me of any respectable woman in this neighborhood who would be a proper nurse for her."

"You don't mean to say that the poor creature has not got a nurse!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury.

"She has had the best nurse in West Winston," replied Mr. Orridge; "but, most unfortunately, the woman was taken ill this morning, and was obliged to go home. I am now at my wit's end for some body to supply her place. Mrs. Frankland has been used to the luxury of being well waited on; and where I am to find an attendant, who is likely to satisfy her, is more than I can tell."

"Frankland, did you say her name was?" inquired Mrs. Norbury.

"Yes. She is, I understand, a daughter of that Captain Treverton who was lost, with his ship, a year ago, in the West Indies. Perhaps you may remember the account of the disaster in the newspapers?"

"Of course I do; and I remember the Captain, too. I was acquainted with him when he was a young man, at Portsmouth. His daughter and I ought not to be strangers, especially under such circumstances as the poor thing is placed in now. I will call at the inn, Mr. Orridge, as soon as you will allow me to introduce myself to her. But, in the mean time, what is to be done in this difficulty about the nurse? Who is with Mrs. Frankland now?"

"Her maid; but she is a very young woman, and doesn't understand nursing duties. The landlady of the inn is ready to help when she can; but then she has constant demands on her time and attention. I suppose we shall have to telegraph to London, and get some body sent here by railway."

"And that will take time, of course? And the new nurse may turn out to be a drunkard, or a thief, or both—when you have got her here," said the outspoken Mrs. Norbury. "Dear, dear me! can't we do something better than that? I am ready, I am sure, to take any trouble, or make any sacrifice, if I can be of use to Mrs. Frankland. Do you know, Mr. Orridge, I think it would be a good plan if we consulted my housekeeper, Mrs. Jazeph. She is an odd woman, with an odd name, you will say; but she has lived with me in this house more than five years, and she may know of somebody in our neighborhood who might suit you, though I don't." With these words, Mrs. Norbury rang the bell, and ordered the servant who answered it to tell Mrs. Jazeph that she was wanted up stairs immediately.

After the lapse of a minute or so, a soft knock was heard at the door, and the housekeeper entered the room.

Mr. Orridge looked at her, the moment she appeared, with an interest and curiosity for which he was hardly able to account. He judged her, at a rough guess, to be a woman of about fifty years of age. At the first glance his medical eye detected that some of the intricate machinery of the nervous system had gone wrong with Mrs. Jazeph. He noted the painful working of the muscles of her face, and the hectic flush that flew into her cheeks when she entered the room and found a visitor there. He observed a strangely-scared look in her eyes, and remarked that it did not leave them when the rest of her face became gradually composed. "That woman has had some dreadful fright, some great grief, or some wasting complaint," he thought to himself. "I wonder which it is?"

"This is Mr. Orridge, the medical gentleman who has lately settled at West Winston," said Mrs. Norbury, addressing the housekeeper. "He is in attendance on a lady who was obliged to stop, on her journey westward, at our station, and who is now staying at the Tiger's Head. You have heard something about it, have you not, Mrs. Jazeph?"

Mrs. Jazeph, standing just inside the door, looked respectfully toward the Doctor, and answered in the affirmative. Although she only said the two common words, "Yes, ma'am," in a quiet, uninterested way, Mr. Orridge was struck by the sweetness and tenderness of her voice. If he had not been looking at her, he would have supposed it to be the voice of a young woman. His eyes remained fixed on her after she had spoken, though he felt that they ought to have been looking toward her mistress. He, the most unobservant of men in such things, found himself noticing her dress, so that he remembered, long afterward, the form of the spotless muslin cap that primly covered her smooth gray hair, and the quiet brown color of the silk dress that fitted so neatly, and hung around her in such spare and disciplined folds. The little confusion which she evidently felt at

finding herself the object of the Doctor's attention did not betray her into the slightest awkwardness of gesture or manner. If there can be such a thing, physically speaking, as the grace of restraint, that was the grace which seemed to govern Mrs. Jazeph's slightest movements; which led her feet smoothly over the carpet, as she advanced when her mistress next spoke to her; which governed the action of her wan right hand as it rested lightly on a table by her side, while she stopped to hear the next question that was addressed to her.

"Well," continued Mrs. Norbury, "this poor lady was just getting on comfortably, when the nurse, who was looking after her, fell ill this morning; and there she is now, in a strange place, with a first child, and no proper attendance—no woman of age and experience to help her as she ought to be helped. We want somebody fit to wait on a delicate woman who has seen nothing of the rough side of humanity. Mr. Orridge can find nobody at a day's notice, and I can tell him of nobody. Can you help us, Mrs. Jazeph? Are there any women down in the village, or among Mr. Norbury's tenants, who understand nursing, and have some tact and tenderness to recommend them into the bargain?"

Mrs. Jazeph reflected for a little while, and then said, very respectfully, but very briefly also, and still without any appearance of interest in her manner, that she knew of no one whom she could recommend.

"Don't make too sure of that till you have thought a little longer," said Mrs. Norbury. "I have a particular interest in serving this lady, for Mr. Orridge told me just before you came in, that she is the daughter of Captain Treverton, whose shipwreck—"

The instant those words were spoken, Mrs. Jazeph turned round with a start, and looked at the Doctor. Apparently forgetting that her right hand was on the table, she moved it so suddenly that it struck against a bronze statuette of a dog placed on some writing materials. The statuette fell to the ground, and Mrs. Jazeph stooped to pick it up, with a cry of alarm which seemed strangely exaggerated by comparison with the trifling nature of the accident.

"Bless the woman! what is she frightened about?" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "The dog is not hurt; put it back again. This is the first time, Mrs. Jazeph, that I ever knew you do an awkward thing. You may take that as a compliment, I think. Well, as I was saying, this lady is the daughter of Captain Treverton, whose dreadful shipwreck we all read about in the papers. I knew her father in my early days, and on that account I am doubly anxious to be of service to her now. Do think again. Is there nobody within reach who can be trusted to nurse her?"

The Doctor, still watching Mrs. Jazeph with that secret medical interest of his in her case, had seen her turn so deadly pale when she started and looked toward him, that he would not have been surprised if she had fainted on the spot. He now observed that she changed color again when her mistress left off speaking. The hectic red tinged her cheeks once more with two bright spots. Her timid eyes wandered uneasily about the room; and her fingers, as she clasped her hands together, interlaced themselves mechanically. "That would be an interesting case to treat," thought the Doctor, following every nervous movement of the housekeeper's hands with watchful eyes.

"Do think again," repeated Mrs. Norbury; "I am so anxious to help this poor lady through her difficulty, if I can."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Jazeph, in faint, trembling tones, but still always with the same sweetness in her voice, "very sorry that I can think of no one who is fit; but—"

She stopped. No shy child on its first introduction to the society of strangers could have looked more disconcerted than she looked now. Her eyes were on the ground; her color was deepening; the fingers of her clasped hands were working together faster and faster every moment.

"But what?" asked Mrs. Norbury.

"I was about to say, ma'am," answered Mrs. Jazeph, speaking with the greatest difficulty and uneasiness, and never raising her eyes to her mistress's face, "that, rather than this lady should want for a nurse, I would—considering the interest, ma'am, which you take in her—I would, if you thought you could spare me—"

"What, nurse her yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "Upon my word, although you have got to it in rather a roundabout way, you have come to the point at last, in a manner which does infinite credit to your kindness of heart and your readiness to make yourself useful. As to sparing you, of course I am not so selfish, under the circumstances, as to think twice of the inconvenience of losing my housekeeper. But the question is, are you competent as well as willing? Have you ever had any practice in nursing?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. Jazeph, still without raising her eyes from the ground. "Shortly after my marriage" (the flush disappeared, and her face turned pale again as she said those words) "I had some practice in nursing, and continued it at intervals until the time of my husband's death. I only presume to offer myself, Sir," she went on, turning toward the Doctor, and becoming more earnest and self-possessed in her manner as she did so—"I only presume to offer myself, with my mistress's permission, as a substitute for a nurse until some better qualified person can be found."

"What do you say, Mr. Orridge?" asked Mrs. Norbury.

It had been the Doctor's turn to start when he first heard Mrs. Jazeph propose herself for the office of nurse. He hesitated before he answered Mrs. Norbury's question, then said:

"I can have but one doubt about the propriety of thankfully accepting Mrs. Jazeph's offer."

Mrs. Jazeph's timid eyes looked anxiously and perplexedly at him as he spoke. Mrs. Norbury, in her downright, abrupt way, asked immediately what the doubt was.

"I feel some uncertainty," replied Mr. Orridge, "as to whether Mrs. Jazeph—she will pardon me, as a medical man, for mentioning it—as to whether Mrs. Jazeph is strong enough, and has her nerves sufficiently under control to perform the duties which she is so kindly ready to undertake."

In spite of the politeness of the explanation, Mrs. Jazeph was evidently disconcerted and distressed by it. A certain quiet, uncomplaining sadness, which it was very touching to see, overspread her face, as she turned away without another word, and walked slowly to the door.

"Don't go yet!" cried Mrs. Norbury, kindly; "or, at least, if you do go, come back again in five minutes. I am quite certain we shall have something more to say to you then."

Mrs. Jazeph's eyes expressed her thanks in one grateful glance. They looked so much brighter than usual while they rested on her mistress's face, that Mrs. Norbury half doubted whether the tears were not just rising in them at that moment. Before she could look again, Mrs. Jazeph had courtesied to the Doctor, and had noiselessly left the room.

"Now we are alone, Mr. Orridge," said Mrs. Norbury, "I may tell you, with all submission to your medical judgment, that you are a little exaggerating Mrs. Jazeph's nervous infirmities. She looks poorly enough I own—but, after five years' experience of her, I can tell you that she is stronger than she looks, and I honestly think you will be doing good service to Mrs. Frankland if you try our volunteer nurse, at least for a day or two. She is the gentlest, tenderest creature I ever met with, and conscientious to a fault in the performance of any duty that she undertakes. Don't be under any delicacy about taking her away. I gave a dinner-party last week, and shall not give another for some time to come. I never could have spared my housekeeper more easily than I can spare her now."

"I am sure I may offer Mrs. Frankland's thanks to you as well as my own," said Mr. Orridge. "After what you have said, it would be ungracious and ungrateful in me not to follow your advice. But will you excuse me, if I ask one question? Did you ever hear that Mrs. Jazeph was subject to fits of any kind?"

"Never."

"Not even to hysterical affections now and then?"

"Never, since she has been in this house."

"You surprise me; there is something in her look and manner—"

"Yes, yes; every body remarks that at first; but it simply means that she is in delicate health, and that she has not led a very happy life (as I suspect) in her younger days. The lady from whom I had her (with an excellent character) told me that she had married unhappily when she was in a sadly poor unprotected state. She never says any thing about her married troubles herself; but I believe her husband ill-used her. However, it does not seem to me that this is our business. I can only tell you again that she has been an excellent servant here for the last five years, and that, in your place, poorly as she may look, I should consider her as the best nurse that Mrs. Frankland could possibly wish for under the circumstances. There is no need for me to say any more. Take Mrs. Jazeph, or telegraph to London for a stranger—the decision of course rests with you."

Mr. Orridge thought he detected a slight tone of irritability in Mrs. Norbury's last sentence. He was a prudent man; and he suppressed any doubts he might still feel in reference to Mrs. Jazeph's physical capacities for nursing rather than risk offending the most important lady in the neighborhood at the outset of his practice in West Winston as a medical man.

"I can not hesitate a moment after what you have been good enough to tell me," he said. "Pray believe that I gratefully accept your kindness and your housekeeper's offer."

Mrs. Norbury rang the bell. It was answered, on the instant, by the housekeeper herself.

The Doctor wondered whether she had been listening outside the door, and thought it rather strange, if she had, that she should be so anxious to learn his decision.

"Mr. Orridge accepts your offer with thanks," said Mrs. Norbury, beckoning to Mrs. Jazeph to advance into the room. "I have persuaded him that you are not quite so weak and ill as you look."

A gleam of joyful surprise broke over the housekeeper's face. It looked suddenly younger by years and years, as she smiled and expressed her grateful sense of the trust that was about to be reposed in her. For the first time also since the Doctor had seen her, she ventured on speaking before she was spoken to.

"When will my attendance be required, Sir?" she asked.

"As soon as possible," replied Mr. Orridge. How quickly and brightly her dim eyes seemed to clear as she heard that answer! How much more hasty than her usual movements was the movement with which she now turned round and looked appealingly at her mistress!

"Go whenever Mr. Orridge wants you," said Mrs. Norbury. "I know your accounts are always in order, and your keys always in their proper places. You never make confusion and you never leave confusion. Go, by all means, as soon as the Doctor wants you."

"I suppose you have some preparations to make?" said Mr. Orridge.

"None, Sir, that need delay me more than half an hour," answered Mrs. Jazeph.

"This evening will be early enough," said the Doctor, taking his hat, and bowing to Mrs. Norbury. "Come to the Tiger's Head, and ask for me. I shall be there between seven and eight. Many thanks again, Mrs. Norbury."

"My best wishes and compliments to your patient, Doctor."

"At the Tiger's Head, between seven and eight this evening," reiterated Mr. Orridge, as the housekeeper opened the door for him.

"Between seven and eight, Sir," repeated the soft sweet voice, sounding younger than ever now that there was an under-note of pleasure running through its tones.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

N.B.—All communications for this department of *Harper's Weekly* should be marked "Notes and Queries," in addition to the usual address.

REWARDS OF LITERATURE.—In the last century, though but a limited field was open for the ambition of authors, the paucity of aspirants caused success, when once achieved, to be accompanied with substantial remuneration, as the following instances, out of many, will exemplify: Mr. Elliot, a bookseller of Edinburgh, gave Mr. Smellie £1000 for his Philosophy of Natural History, when only the heads of the chapters were written. David Hume received only £200 for one part of his History of England, but for the remainder of the work he had £5000. Dr. Robertson, when unknown to fame, was paid for his History of Scotland but £600, but for his History of Charles V. he received £4500. Dr. Blair obtained the highest price for sermons that ever was given. Sherlock's Sermons had a very great sale, as had Dr. White's Bampton Lectures, and many others, but none ever sold as well as Dr. Blair's, and the sale of them is still as great as ever (1791). It is confidently asserted that Dr. Hawkesworth received £6000 for his Compilation of Voyages in the South Seas. David Mallet was offered £2000 for Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works, which he refused. It is curious that no record has ever been traced of the sum paid to Gibbon for his Decline and Fall. In his Autobiography he studiously avoids any allusion to the pecuniary part of the subject. From its universal diffusion, the receipts must have been, in all probability, larger than any of the sums named above.

RARE HISTORICAL RELIC.—We are constantly reminded that the only real enduring fame is that which is derived from, or connected with, literature. This is a fact which our rich men are beginning to see and profit by, if we may judge from the many princely bequests and donations recently made for literary and scientific purposes. Few could now have in mind Bothwell, the paramour and husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, if Professor Aytoun had not, with the magic of genius, made us confidants of the old man's story in his hopeless captivity afar off in the northern seas; and we notice that last month, in Edinburgh, a book from his once magnificent library excited much interest at a sale when it unexpectedly "turned up." It is a copy of a mathematical work printed in 1538, *L'Arithmetique et Geometrie de Maitre Etienne de la Roche*. It was in the original binding, with the arms and motto of the famous Earl, "Keep Trust," and an inscription of his name and titles, and from the beauty of the execution, is supposed to have been bound in France. Only one other book belonging to Bothwell has reached our times, which is now in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh. The volume we have just described brought thirteen guineas, or $68, not an extravagant price for a relic so closely connected with the days of Queen Mary.

PROOF-SHEETS.—A man correcting a proof-sheet is on the edge of a precipice; the gulf of publicity yawns below him, and lures him, as the pellucid flood did Goethe's Fisherman, to plunge headlong into the tide. Fame, hope, curiosity beckon him forward. The publisher tempts, the printer's-devil urges. What consequences often hang on the proof-sheet! How much of good and of evil depends on this last award of the author! If Rousseau had thrown the proof-sheets of the "Contrat Social" into the fire, instead of returning them to the press, the French Revolution might never have unhinged Europe. If Wilkes had canceled the proof of a few numbers of the "North Briton," the freedom of our persons and papers might not to this day have been secured by the declared illegality of general warrants. If Servetus had drawn his pen through a sentence in the proof-sheet of a chapter in his Restitutio Christianismi, he would have saved himself from an untimely and painful death, and Calvin's memory from the stigma of abetting it. If Lord Byron had nipped in the bud the proof of his "Poems by a Minor," we should never have been delighted with the best of modern satires, and the poetical faculty, unlearned in suffering, might have slumbered unawakened within him. Such are a few of the results suspended upon "a proof-sheet."

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.—An impressive specimen of the untutored eloquence of the Red Men is afforded in the defiance of the Chieftain of the Creek Nation to the General who had captured him: "I fought against you at Fort Mimms—I fought against you in Georgia—I did you all the injury I could—I would have done you more—the warriors who were faithful all died by my side—they died in battle—I mourn over their loss, but they are gone to glory—I am their Chief—a captive, but a soldier. Do your utmost—I shall not disgrace their memories." In the mouth of an Indian captive, words like these are not words of course; they mean what they say, and speak of nerve and spirit strung to the limit of human endurance.

A WELL-KNOWN FACT (N PHYSIOLOGICALLY EXPLAINED.—To Doctor Currie, the physician of Liverpool and biographer of Robert Burns, we owe the following "reasons why" ladies talk more than men: "Female occupations (says he) require much use of speech, because they are duties in detail. Besides, their occupation being generally sedentary, the respiration is left at liberty. Their nerves being more delicate, their sensibility as well as fancy is more lively—the consequence of which is a *more frequent utterance of thought*, a greater fluency of speech, and a distinct articulation at an earlier age." May it not therefore be the case, that the reason why women are frequently supposed to be inferior in knowledge to men, is because that talking more than men, they more frequently display their deficiencies?

SPANISH FAITH AND DEVOTION.—A curious instance is given by Blanco White of the intense feeling of reality with which conscientious Spaniards regard the dogmas of their religion. An Insurance Company at Cadiz once took the Virgin Mary into formal partnership, covenanting to set aside her portion of profits for the enrichment of her shrine in that city. Not doubting that she would protect every vessel in which she had such a manifest interest, they underwrote ships of all sorts at such reduced rates that in a few months the infatuated partners were all declared bankrupts.

UNPUBLISHED VERSES BY BURNS.—When Burns was in Edinburgh, he was introduced by a friend to the studio of a well-known painter, whom he found engaged on a representation of Jacob's Dream. After narrowly examining the work, he wrote the following verses on the back of a little sketch, which is still preserved in the painter's family. They are so characteristic of the man as to be well worth preservation:

Dear ——, I'll gie ye some advice,
You'll tak it no uncivil;
You shouldna paint an Angel, man,
But try and paint the devil.
To paint an angel's kittle wark;
Wi' auld Nick there's less danger;
You'll easy paint a weel-ken't face,
But no sa weel a stranger.

THE GARROTE.—Few people know the meaning of this phrase, now in every mouth. It is simply the Spanish word for "a stick," which was applied to twist the cord in the old-fashioned days of executions. In England it has acquired a technical precision of meaning, applicable to assaults and robberies, when the victim is stupefied either by the forced inhalation of ether, or by mechanical pressure on the respiratory organs. Its adoption here shows how readily words are taken up, whether applicable or not; for we believe, in spite of the alarm, only one case, and that not very well authenticated, has been reported of this species of crime, properly so-called, in New York.

For Notes and Queries.

"C. R. Leslie, the painter, himself a Pennsylvanian, gives the following beautiful description of a painting by his 'fellow-statesman,' West:

"'A small picture of his own family surpasses in interest many of his more ambitious works. Its subject is the first visit of his father and elder brother to his young wife after the birth of her second child. They are Quakers, and the venerable old man and his eldest son wear their hats according to the custom of their sect. Nothing can be more beautifully conceived than the mother bending over the babe sleeping on her lap. She is wrapped in a white dressing-gown, and her other son (a boy of six years old) is leaning on the arm of her chair. West stands behind his father with his pallet and brushes in his hand, and the silence that reigns over the whole is that of religious meditation, which will probably end, according to the Quaker custom, in a prayer from the patriarch of the family. The picture is a very small one, the engraving from it being the same size. It has no excellence of color, but the masses of light and shadow are impressive and simple—and I know not a more original illustration of the often-painted subject, the "Ages of Man;" Infancy, Childhood, Youth, Middle Life, and Extreme Age are beautifully brought together in the quiet chamber of the painter's wife. Had he been employed to paint these five ages, he would, perhaps, have given himself a great deal of trouble to produce a work that would have been classical, but, compared with this, commonplace; while he has here succeeded in making a picture which, being intended only for himself, is for that reason a picture for the whole world, and if painters could always put their hearts into their work, how much would the general interest of Art be increased?'

"I give you this extract because it conveys a lesson to artists too good to be spoiled by curtailment. What I wish to know is the present abiding place of this picture, which, as an early work of West's, is probably in this country. Perhaps some of your correspondents can furnish the information. CRAYON."

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

WHO and what I am is of very little consequence to you, my reader. You will please, for the time being, to consider me as a man in the prime of life, of middle stature, with a frame combining the muscles of the Farnese Hercules with the elastic agility which one may suppose belonged to Antinous. You will be also good enough to gift me with unalterable presence of mind, a quick eye, nerves as highly tempered as watch-springs, and an insatiable thirst for blood. This may seem a somewhat savage avowal, and stray policemen reading this sheet may find their detective faculties suddenly aroused by this atrocious frankness; but reader and policeman may rest in peace. It is not for my fellow-being's blood that I crave. The objects of my pursuit sleep in thick cane-brakes and impenetrable jungles, or prowl on moonless nights around the village huts, with muffled tread, and stomachs hungering for human food.

In other words, I am a hunter. I illustrate, with tiger, rhinoceros, and bear, the old adage of "Two can play at that game." They hunt my brother-men, and I hunt them; and as they have not yet learned the art of forging rifles, and *couteaux de chasse*, and casting bullets, I generally get the best of it in the end.

I propose, therefore, that you shall accompany me on a hunting tour through the world. You need not tremble so; no hurt shall come to you. I will thread the jungle, and face the brindled tiger. It is I who will navigate through the calm, solemn icebergs, and let the white bear hug me until he feels my long knife cleaving his big heart in twain. It is I who will crouch by the margin of the dark Indian lake, at nightfall, and send my steel-pointed bullet through the huge brain of the trumpeting elephant. You shall survey me from some peaceful spot hard by, while you smoke your cabana in calm condition of mind, and speculate on the chances of the combat. And if it should so happen that we should find no game on the hunting-grounds, as it sometimes occurs, I will fill up your valuable time by relating such anecdotes of the chase as I can remember.

Where shall we first go? Have you any choice? None! Then take my hand and follow me.

The sky above us seems flat, cold, and solid. Every object around us wears a blue, corpse-like tint. A huge shroud seems to cover the earth and the sea, and every thing partakes in form of the angularity of death.

The air is so calm, the sea so pulseless, that one might imagine one's self in the early days of creation, before all was perfected. Nothing seems finished. The wild, fantastic shapes of the icebergs rise out of the quiet sea, rocking slowly to and fro, like huge, imperfect monsters just heaving with the throes of life. The landscape that stretches away to the dull horizon possesses no vitality. No patch of green, or even brown vegetation breaks the gray uniformity of the scene. Here and there, floating slowly, with one of the invisible currents that thread these polar seas, huge cakes of ice move silently along. They have become detached from the main mass that extends for miles through the desolate ocean, and are gliding calmly to their death in the warmer waters of the gulf stream.

If you observe attentively, you will perceive what seems to be, in the distance, another very small piece of ice moving somewhat rapidly toward one of the large cakes, and, curiously enough, in an opposite direction. While you are speculating on the apparent paradox that carries these two fragments contrary ways, you see, to your surprise, what you took to be the smaller piece of ice lift itself out of the water, and scramble up on the large ice-cake, with its white, shaggy coat dripping with the brine. Your little ice-cake was nothing less than the head of a white bear, who was swimming to a resting-place, perhaps in the vague hope of surprising any luckless seal that should be so incautious as to show his nose above water.

The white bear is one of the most formidable of carnivorous animals. M. Gerard de Vera, an old polar traveler, states that he has seen a white bear that measured twenty-three feet in length. When you add to this enormous size muscles of corresponding power, and a loose, thick hide, almost impenetrable to ordinary weapons, you can form some idea of the terrible inhabitant of those icy regions, whose natural courage is heightened into an appalling ferocity by the difficulty of procuring food in the desolate haunts that he frequents.

I once had an encounter with a white bear, which, despite of the *sang froid* with which from long habit I have been accustomed to look upon my adventures with wild animals, nevertheless makes me shudder when my memory reverts to it.

At the period of my life to which I refer, I was a passenger in a Scotch whaling vessel which was bound from Aberdeen to the coast of Labrador. I had always been possessed with a desire to taste the life of the Polar Seas, and had taken this means of gratifying my desire. I will not inflict on you the details of the voyage, but take up the narrative at the point when, owing to a series of accidents and the fact of our having penetrated farther north than we intended, we were locked in the ice close to the entrance of Baffin's Bay. The situation was not pleasant. We were tolerably well provided with preservatives against the cold, but our ship was small—about 250 tons burden—and our provisions rather too scanty for our sustenance during the three months' imprisonment which we should inevitably have to endure before the spring would break up the ice by which we were surrounded. We naturally in such a strait had recourse to hunting, and as I was an excellent Nimrod, we did not want for fresh meat as long as I could fall in with foxes and seals. Seal and fox meat, by-the-way, is not what the men who frequent Delmonico's would exactly choose for their dinners; but when one is shut up in a small vessel, with nothing but salt pork and mouldy biscuits to subsist on, the fresh juices oozing from the steak of an Arctic fox, broiled on the cooking-stove, possess a flavor

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

which the *blasé habitué* of French restaurants can have but little knowledge.

By degrees, however, even the scanty animal life which enlivened those ice-covered shores disappeared. It is a phenomenon well known in Arctic life, that the animals frequenting the Polar Seas are exceedingly fickle in their habits, and that in a single day foxes, wolves, and seal will suddenly disappear in the most mysterious manner, and leave no trace behind. We on board the *Annie Laurie*—which poetic name our ship bore—soon began to experience the effects of want of proper food. As we could not be certain within several weeks of the exact time of our liberation from the ice, the Captain commenced apportioning out in very small rations our little stock of provisions. It was in vain that I tramped over hummock and floe in search of game. Not a living thing disturbed that frozen solitude. In addition to this, under the pressure of the ice, the seams and joints of all portions of the *Annie Laurie* commenced opening to such an extent that we began to have serious fears as to whether we should ever be able to keep her above water when we were once more free.

While we were in this condition, worn and gaunt with want of food, and cursing the fate which had imprisoned us in this desolate latitude, our fainting energies were aroused by the attack of an enemy, who, if not more potent than hunger, was certainly more rapid in his assaults. The Captain, the first mate, a Norwegian sailor, and myself were sitting one day in the cabin, gloomily warming ourselves at the insufficient stove and musing over the probabilities of an early spring, when our attention was attracted by a scratching apparently against the side of the vessel. Our eyes turned simultaneously in the direction of the sound, and to our horror we discovered one of the cabin windows torn out, and the huge head of a white bear, with one paw gripping the side of the frame-work,

A TIGER CORNERED.

protruding through the aperture. His eye burned with the lust for blood, and he glared on us with that savage air which seemed to say, "Ye are my prey, and can not escape me." My first impulse was to look for a weapon. In one of those rapid glances, which a man in peril of his life only can give, I saw in a second every defensive arm in the cabin. There were two guns in one far corner; a hatchet lying on the floor; and near me a long sharp spear, which we had used for killing seals. In an instant the spear, being the nearest weapon, was in my hand, and I rushed at the bear, feeling convinced that if he once got in at the window we were lost. Gathering all my force, I made a savage thrust at his broad, shaggy breast; the long blade of the spear was buried in the deep fur, and a jet of blood spouted over the handle. The next moment the bear with a sudden turn of his head caught the ashen shaft of the spear in his teeth, and snapped it in two, as if it had been a stick of sugar-candy. Just then Jarl, the Norwegian, discharged one of the guns at the intruder, and the ball struck him immediately under the eye, leaving in place of that organ a bloody orb that rolled upon us with sightless fury. The Captain also discharged his musket, but owing to terror he shot wide of the mark. There remained for us now nothing but the hatchet. This the man who possessed it seemed utterly unable to use, so knowing that no time was to be lost I wrenched it from his hand and ran at the wounded bear, who now, irritated to a pitch of fury that was positively appalling, had forced his way still farther through the window. I trust that I shall never again feel so like a fiend as I did at that moment. A frenzy for battle seemed to possess me. Like the *Chourineur* in the Mysteries of Paris, I "saw blood." I swung my hatchet over my head and buried it with a venemous "thud" in the bear's left paw. He roared with pain, and then without an instant's hesitation I brought my weapon down upon his broad, rugged forehead. But a white bear's skull is harder to split than most people imagine. Conceive my dismay, when immediately on the blade striking upon the *os frontis*, the head of the weapon flew off, and, passing through the window, struck the ice outside, and went sliding off for several yards, as if it was enjoying its liberty. My heart sank. The men around me seemed paralyzed with terror, for all knew the power and ferocity of the white bear. The animal itself seeming to divine that my resources were exhausted, uttered a horrible growl, and glaring with that awful bloodshot eye braced himself against the side of the window preparatory to heaving his huge body inside. There was not a moment to lose. Despite of my physical terror, I felt at that instant my brain suddenly clear as if it were by magic. I remembered that there was no weapon which the white bear dreaded so much as fire. With a single leap I was beside the stove, which, as all who have seen a stove in the Arctic regions well know, was red-hot. Hastily seizing a seal-skin that happily lay on the floor, I wrapped it round the fiery cylinder, so as to keep my hands from being scorched, and exerting all my strength, tore it from its fastenings. Then running to the window, through which the bear had almost effected his entrance, I launched the entire stove and its burning contents at his head. The door burst. There was a shower of live coals which poured over the savage brute's head and body, and with a howl of pain and baffled rage he dropped from the window, and sullenly moaning, trotted across the gray hummocks of the ice, until we lost sight of him in the distance. The only injuries I sustained were some slight burns on each hand, and my companions, and the crew—who came running into the cabin after all was over—were profuse in their admiration of my courage and presence of mind. I determined in my own mind, however, never to fight a bear with a red-hot stove again, as such a missile is not fatal, and I confess that in my then hungry condition I longed for a steak off of those heavy buttocks that I watched wistfully as they disappeared in dim horizon.

It may interest you to know that when the ice broke up, we reached St. Johns, Newfoundland, without much difficulty, in spite of our leaky condition; and my adventure with the bear was the great topic of conversation while we remained in port.

Tiger stories are nearly as celebrated for their imaginative qualities as the "Fish stories" of this country. No man, who has been either to India or the Cape of Good Hope, returns without a portfolio of the most astonishing stories of slain tigers, which they retail after dinner with much gusto. Each repetition suggesting new and admirable details, until at length the story becomes like the Yankee's jack-knife, which had at first a new handle, and then a new blade, but still remained the same knife. I have heard these astounding anecdotes related as personal experiences by beardless English ensigns at mess-tables; they having been quartered on outpost duty in India for a few months during the year, during which time the majority of them slaughtered great quantities of jungle fowl and perhaps never saw a tiger. But there is no lack of tiger stories among the native servants, and a young man with a good memory may collect a stock which shall, after his return, last him his entire European life.

No man, on beholding the body of a tiger, can form any conception of the extent of his muscular power. His body seems too long. His legs too short and thick; yet he is a living hurricane, the rapidity of his motion being scarcely surpassed by that of the bullet by which he falls. The tiger is always athirst, not for water, but blood. When the lion has devoured his prey of human flesh, he is appeased and reposes. Not so the tiger. After a hideous repast of bones and mutilated limbs, he begins to feel an appetite, and roams the country in search of a fresh prey and a new festivity.

The tiger is seldom more than seven feet in length from the muzzle to the butt of the tail. But some travelers must undoubtedly have seen tigers as large as buffaloes. For instance, M. La-

lande-Magon, who had made frequent voyages to the Cape of Good Hope, has stated that he measured one which was fifteen feet long. Unfortunately M. Lalande-Magon forgot to mention that the tail was included in his measurement. The royal Bengal tiger in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, measures only seven feet and a half, not including the tail.

While hunting in the neighborhood of Bombay, in the year 1851, I received intelligence that a large tiger had ensconced himself about five miles from my bungalow. As it was my first tiger, I was impatient to encounter him, so calling to my aid two very dear friends who were living with me, we set out in all possible haste for the rendezvous. We found the beast lodged in a deep ravine, quietly picking the bones of a wretched Malay whom he had killed that morning, and of whose corpse he adroitly formed a rampart as soon as he perceived us, carefully watching us from behind it. In our precipitation, or rather in our carelessness of danger—a carelessness which nothing but ignorance could excuse—the only arms we had brought with us were long boar spears, and short heavy hunting-knives. With these weapons we considered that it would be madness to descend into the ravine where he was banqueting on his horrible food. The tiger on his side seemed thoroughly impressed with all his advantages, and had made up his mind to give battle to us nowhere but in the narrow space in which he had lodged himself. He also seemed to comprehend perfectly that we had nothing but cold steel to attack him with. After a little while he rose, and casting a contemptuous glance at us, gravely promenaded up and down the little ravine. He was taking gentle exercise after dinner. I could not stand this disdain, so I commenced flinging stones at him, in the hope of inducing him to quit his fortress. This he declined doing, and took no more notice of our taunts and insults than if we had been a parcel of little boys. An hour passed in this way. To return home without having attacked the tiger was impossible. Our honor was at stake. In an instant I made up my mind.

"I will go down into the ravine," I said; "let all who love me follow me."

"But," remonstrated one of my friends, whom I will call Gaston, "it is certain destruction. We have no fire-arms."

I was determined. George, my other friend, joined in Gaston's remonstrance, but without avail. Then, seeing me buckling myself up for the fight, they, like good friends, declared their intention of joining me.

"That's right!" I cried, as they signified their resolve. "This confounded tiger wants to keep us off and on until night, when he, being able to see in the dark, can make an easy prey of us. Let us, while we have daylight, finish the fellow."

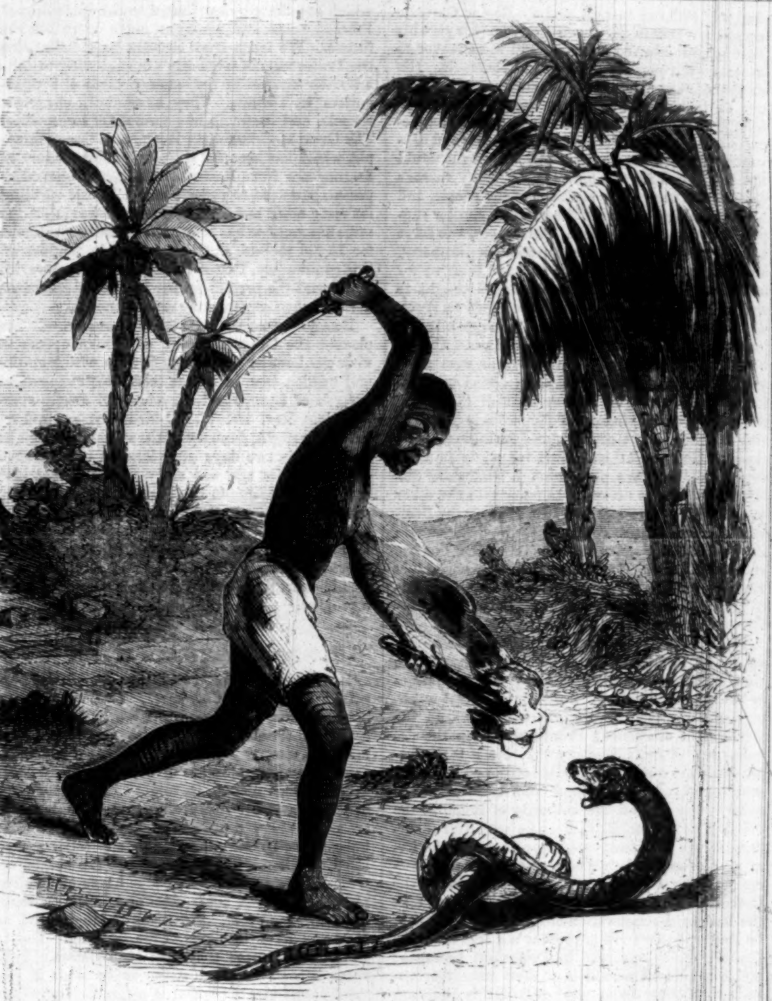
We skirted the course of the ravine about a hundred paces, and then commenced our descent. We found his majesty—a splendid, tawny monarch he was—still enjoying his stroll, only now instead of looking like a *bon vivant* in search of digestion, he looked like a sentinel on the *qui vive*. We moved cautiously on, the three of us abreast, with our lances couched like bayonets, and advancing foot by foot. The combat was about to commence. I whispered to my companions,

"Attention, Gaston! Attention, George! Union is strength. If we separate, not one of us will ever see Bombay again. Now! make ready! He is scratching up the earth. He'll be upon us in a second!"

I was right. The tiger deliberated for an instant and then sprang. Our three lances met him at the same moment. One pierced his shoulder, another ripped up his belly so that the entrails protruded, while the last absolutely entered his mouth and came through his jaw. The shock was so tremendous that we all rolled backward; but I instantly cried to the others to recover their position, leaping myself into a defensive attitude. The three of us were once more in the twinkling of an eye elbow to elbow. It was in vain that the tiger writhed and beat against our *cheval de frise*; the spears were buried in his body, and every movement only drove them deeper. Seeing that the brute was now almost thoroughly helpless, we, by a common instinct, rushed upon him with our poniards to finish him. Gaston, with an incredible rashness, attacked him in front. Alas! he knew not what even an expiring tiger can accomplish! Almost in his death-throe he seized poor Gaston by the arm and bit it completely off above the elbow. It was his last effort, and in a few moments more he expired.

It was a victory that cost me dear. My dear friend Gaston died a few days after from the effects of the operation which it was necessary to have performed on his arm. He sleeps under a palm-tree in the English burying-ground at Bombay.

It is an unpleasant fact that a tiger-hunt is generally fatal to some of the parties engaged in it. During the night, and in the midst of a frightful storm at Singapore, in the year 1819, an enormous tiger marched coolly into the great bazar and quietly waited for the awaking of the inhabitants, as if he had been on terms of the most intimate friendship with the human race. A grocer in opening his shop was the first to perceive the ferocious animal, and having barricaded himself in his house gave the alarm to his neighbors. The tiger responded to this warning by an angry growl, and in a few moments the entire neighborhood was alive and resolved on the destruction of the animal. Captain Fielding, an English officer, placed himself at the head of twenty Sepoys, armed with muskets, while a huge crowd of the natives followed him, brandishing sticks, and spears, and pistols. At their approach the tiger rose and slowly retreated, like a foe who does not wish to fight, but who will not betray any cowardly terror. Captain Fielding, separating himself from his party, advanced alone upon his savage antagonist, who, apparently surprised at such insolence, cast a glance of mingled astonishment and rage at the



GOLO'S LAST RATTLESNAKE.

rash intruder. Fielding in a moment saw the fatal error that he had committed. He saw that a royal tiger was not a foe to be approached carelessly, and while trembling at the danger in which he stood, he, nevertheless, with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, bravely kept his position.

On his part the tiger, thinking perhaps that if he could avoid the fatal bullet which lay at the bottom of the rifle barrel that followed his every motion it would be as well, still retreated slowly, always, however, facing his enemies as if he was determined in any event not to die alone. Presently, by these manœuvres, he found himself in a very narrow street of which one end was closed. Fielding was not slow to avail himself of this lucky chance, and taking deliberate aim fired at the tiger. His bullet took effect in the eye, and the wounded animal roared so frightfully that the entire crowd tumbled one over the other in their hurry to escape, and in less than ten minutes Captain Fielding found himself entirely alone with the savage brute, who tore up the ground with his powerful nails while he vainly tried to lick up the blood that flowed from his wound.

Fielding, throwing away his rifle, drew a pistol, while he held a poniard in his left hand. Like a flash of lightning the tiger sprang upon him; the captain, who felt that his life depended on his aim, fired deliberately, just as his antagonist was descending on his shoulders. The ball was fatal, going right to the animal's heart, and with a smothered growl he rolled over on the pavement; but he was avenged. In that brief instant one stroke of his resistless fore-paw had broken the unfortunate officer's neck, and when the cowardly natives returned, the two foes were found dead, within a couple of yards of each other.

TREED BY A RHINOCEROS.

How do you like rattlesnakes? They are pleasant company, are they not? The strange rustling sound—somewhat like the noise produced by shaking a piece of parchment—with which they move; the rapidity of their evolutions; the almost certain death which results from their bite, must render them specially agreeable to all those who lead a forest life in those countries where they abound. I have myself killed a sufficient number of rattlesnakes to supply all the Stockholm watchmen with rattles for the full term of their natural lives. All that is necessary to accomplish the death of a rattlesnake is coolness and a moderately long stick. If the snake is struck a smart blow on the spot where head and neck join, the vertebral column is paralyzed, and you can finish him at your leisure.

The island of Martinique is infested with rattlesnakes. I once knew a planter, living in the interior of the island, whose lands were so overrun with these venomous reptiles that the greater part of his slaves deserted him and sought refuge in the vast forests that cover the island. The only slaves that remained were a few who were in irons at the time of the flight of their companions, and were awaiting punishment for some misdemeanor, and those slaves who hoped to escape chastisement by promising to devote themselves to the extermination of the snakes.

Among the negroes in captivity was one named Pegu, who was condemned to receive three hundred strokes of the rattan. The hour for his punishment arrived. His master came forth to witness the bloody scene. Pegu was standing near the whipping-block awaiting the moment when his hands and feet should be fastened to it, when he perceived a rattlesnake gliding toward him through the grass. He did not stir. The rapid death following the serpent's bite was preferable to the lingering one which he felt awaited him under the overseer's cane. The serpent coiled itself ready to strike, when at this moment the planter caught the peculiar sound of the rattle, and leaped terror-stricken on one side. The snake, attracted by the motion, changed his intention, and, fancying that the planter was about to attack him, glided rapidly toward the unhappy man, who, paralyzed with fear, remained rooted to the ground. Pegu seeing his master's peril leaped forward, and catching the snake's tail with one hand, caught him by the neck with the other, and, after a quarter of an hour's compression, succeeded in choking him. An hour afterward Pegu received his three hundred lashes, and died that night under the punishment. Such is gratitude in Martinique!

A most affecting incident happened in this same island while I was staying there, passing most of my time in the forests, or with that wild race of cattle-hunters known as *Boucaniers*. A fine athletic negro named Golo, belonging to a wealthy planter who lived about thirty miles from Saint Pierre, was desperately enamored of a pretty mulatto lass, named Juanita, living on the next plantation. But Juanita was a coquette, and cruel as coquettes generally are. Having a slight tinge of white blood in her, she looked down from an exalted height on poor Golo, who was as black—blacker, in fact, than the ink with which I am writing. She treated him shamefully, giving him an ounce of hope and a ton of bad treatment. Still Golo did not despair, but pressed his suit on every opportunity. At last Juanita, finding her lover so pertinacious that he must either be finally rejected or accepted, told him one day that she had a passion for rattlesnake's tails. That she valued them in proportion to their length, but that as yet she had never been able to get a tail which consisted of *twelve* rings. Now if he brought her a tail with twelve rings she would be his. Golo's heart sank, but still he determined to undertake this dangerous task. What was there he would not peril to gain Juanita? Day after day Golo, with a burning brand of pine-wood in one hand, and a short sabre in the other, traversed the forests, listening for the ominous rattling of the snakes. In point of numbers his success was prodigious; for there is no better method of killing the rattlesnake than the one Golo adopted—thrusting the burning torch in his face, and, as he detests fire, he is easily decapitated in the moment of his confusion. Nevertheless Golo could not find a single tail with twelve rings on it. He had some with eight, nine, and even one which had eleven; but when he laid this last before Juanita she was still inexorable, and declared that even eleven and a half would not content her. At last one day, when, almost despairing of success, Golo was crossing an open space, his ear was caught by a particularly loud and sonorous rattle. He stopped, and perceived an enormous rattlesnake gliding toward him. Its eyes were glowing with an intense fire; its bifurcated tongue was agitated with an inconceivable rapidity of motion. The gray and yellow scales on its head and back glistened with a changeful lustre, like some silken surface on which light was playing. Golo felt that the hour was come when he should either win Juanita or perish. The size and whole appearance of the snake convinced him that he had twelve or more rings in his tail, and he awaited his approach with a beating heart. The snake came gliding on, and when within about three feet coiled himself for a spring. Golo now seized the opportunity, and dashing his torch into the animal's jaws, severed the head from the body at a single blow. It was with a throb of delight that he discovered, on stooping down to examine his prize, *thirteen* rings in the snake's tail. While he was separating them from the carcass, he felt a slight pricking sensation in his heel. Turning round quickly, he discovered to his horror that he had placed his foot on the snake's severed head, in which the muscular action still continued, and that, all lifeless as it was, it had bitten him! Golo now knew that he was a dead man, and his sole object was to see Juanita before he expired. Catching up his prize, which he had purchased with his life, he rushed across the fields with the speed of despair. Every mo-

ment he felt the poison working more fatally in his veins, until at last swollen, breathless, speechless, and frothing at the lips, he rushed into Juanita's presence. He could no longer articulate, but holding out to her the thirteen rattles in his swollen hand, and fixing on her one last look of devotion, he rolled on the floor at her feet, and after a few gasps breathed his last.

I wonder if the heralds ever dream that their favorite unicorn is, in reality, one of the ugliest animals that ever existed. How astonished would the British nation be, if some king-at-arms of a natural-historical tendency, were to publish an edition of the royal heraldic bearings, with a faithfully drawn rhinoceros supporting one side of the shield, instead of the elegant but mythical animal which now does his duty. I think that the fine old British lion on the other side would be rather astonished at such company. He would miss that graceful combination of the antelope and the sword-fish which has for centuries helped him to sustain the famous old shield.

It is now settled, I believe, that the rhinoceros is the original unicorn, although a large number of the species have two horns, and some travelers have said that they have met them with three. This, it strikes me, was a waste of material: what could a rhinoceros possibly want of three horns? It was a luxurious superfluity, just as the three and four pronged forks have, in those effeminate days, superseded the ancient and respectable two-prong.

I have had the pleasure of meeting several rhinoceroses in various parts of the world on terms of close intimacy, but the most disagreeable acquaintance I ever had among the species, I met near Chandernagore in 1849. I had been strolling along the banks of a small stream, looking for jungle-fowl and wild-ducks and such trifling game, and the only weapon which I had with me was a double-barreled fowling-piece, loaded with small shot. While I was musing over the prospects of a game supper, I was aroused from my reverie by a heavy galloping that shook the earth as if a giant were abroad. I turned, and beheld a black rhinoceros with his head lowered, coming toward me at full speed. Where he had come from I don't know to this hour—perhaps he had been sleeping in some thick bushes, or washing his hide in the river—but at any rate there he was, and at that moment I would have taken even a Spanish quarter for my life. Small bird-shot would be of little effect on an animal whose hide is so tough that it takes a steel-pointed bullet to penetrate it, and other weapon I had not. In this strait, I thought the best thing I could do would be to run to cover, where at least I would have a little time to think over my best means of escape. There was a large tree a few yards off, so, exerting all my speed, I ran for it, and ensconced myself behind its huge trunk, just in time to see the sharp horn of the rhinoceros take a slice of the bark off on the very spot where my coat-tails had just fluttered. Now commenced a horrible game of skill. The rhinoceros, who is as cunning as a cat, tried every stratagem to catch me. Every time that he rushed round the tree I slipped on the opposite side of the trunk, and so baffled him. Then he would try the plan of pursuing me vigorously round and round the tree in one direction for a minute or so, and suddenly, when at full speed, stopping short, and turning rapidly in the opposite direction, so as to catch me as I came round. But quick as he was, I was too agile for him, and I caught glimpses of his small eyes glaring with disappointed rage.

I was still, however, as far from escape as ever. I was nearly exhausted, and the villainous rhinoceros was as fresh and fiendish as ever. If he pursued these tactics much longer I must surely fall an easy prey. Suddenly, in the extremity of my need, a bright thought struck me. What if I could blind him! My shot was useless as a mortal weapon, for his body was cased in a suit of ball-proof mail; but there were his eyes. They were unshielded. To resolve was to act. I unslung my gun from my back, and peeping cautiously round the tree, beheld my friend watching for me with his small red eyes. I instantly took aim and fired at his right eye, and as he rushed toward me gave him the contents of the other barrel full in the left. Fortunately I was entirely successful. The rhinoceros, with furious bounds here and there, sought blindly for me in all directions. He stamped his powerful hoofs upon the ground, until it fairly cracked beneath the blows. He would rush wildly for a yard or two, and then stop confused and enraged by the perpetual darkness in which he found himself. I left him in his frenzy, and hastening home for a rifle and assistance, returned and put a bullet through his heart. During my absence he had never stirred ten yards from the spot where I left him, but had paced round and round in a little circle, until a ring like that in a circus had been formed on the sod.

Now, reader, you have heard the last of my stories—brief and hastily told as they are—for the present. Who knows, however, but at some future day we may dig up the hunting-knife, and take the trail again!

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

CRIME AND RELIGION.—A curious and interesting question connected with the social condition of the Duchy of Nassau has lately been discussed in the religious periodicals of Germany. A Roman Catholic priest from Limburg, on the Lahn, whose duty it was to provide for the performance of divine service in the House of Correction at Diez, was much struck some years ago by the fact that the majority of the prisoners there, and in some other similar institutions, was always composed of Roman Catholics. The first thought which naturally suggests itself in explanation of this circumstance, would be that the Roman Catholic population is greater than the Protestant; but this supposition is contrary to the fact, because the Protestants are considerably more numerous. The population of Nassau is stated to consist of 222,328 Protestants, and 193,082 Roman Catholics. The fact was striking enough, and the Roman Catholic ecclesiastic mentioned above determined to give his best attention to the question, and to endeavor to ascertain the cause of this remarkable result. His explanation was, however, by no means satisfactory; for he attributed it to the impoverishment of a large part of the Roman Catholic population, occasioned by the suppression of monasteries and convents. It was shown that this statement could not be applied for this purpose, by many reasons drawn from the recent condition of the people, and by the analogy of former times, when similar suppressions had taken place. This appears to have been the first phase of the question in Germany, and the answers given seem to have been so far satisfactory, that the Roman Catholics sought to assign other reasons. It was accordingly suggested, that as the high roads passed through a larger portion of the Roman Catholic population, the inhabitants in the vicinity of these roads were more subject to temptation. This suggestion was unfortunate, because, on measurement of the roads, it was ascertained that out of 115 stunden (leagues) and 12 minutes, 54 stunden and 28 minutes pass through Roman Catholic districts; while 60 stunden and 44 minutes pass through Protestant districts. We have no space to enter into the other causes which were assigned, or to follow the Protestant journals in their appeal to the difference in the moral teaching of the two Churches, but the statistical information which has been elicited in the course of the discussions is sufficiently curious to justify our placing a summary of the result before our readers.

RELIGIOUS VIEWS OF THE EUROPEAN NOBILITY.—The Roman Catholic Church counts in no class of European society so many warm admirers as among the nobility. Rome, in its social teachings, has always laid the greatest stress on the principle of obedience; Protestantism on the development of individual liberty. As it is the latter principle which lies at the bottom of all social revolutions of Europe, and which threatens to sweep away as well the authority of Rome as the privileges of the nobility, it can be no matter of surprise to see the latter seek the alliance of the former. Consequently we notice among the Protestant nobility a great propensity to return to the Catholic Church, and, among the Catholic, to take the lead in the restoration of the Papal authority. In England there are at present not less than five Catholic heirs apparent to Protestant peerages; and Scotland witnessed in a short time the conversion of four duchesses. Similar is the case in Mecklenburg, where the nobility still possesses greater prerogatives than in any other portion of Germany, and, at the same time, furnishes the Roman Church with an uncommonly rich harvest of conversions. In Hanover, a number of Protestant nobles signed a petition to the Pope for a restoration of the Bishopric of Osnabruck. In Austria, the Jesuits gain the full confidence of the nobility in the same proportion in which they become unpopular among the people. Two colleges, destined exclusively for the sons of the nobility, have been given to them, one at Kalksburg, near Vienna, and one at Tarnopol, in Gallicia. The former was opened in October, 1856, and counts at present sixty pupils.

WILL RUSSIA BECOME CATHOLIC?—Father Gagarin, who is a Russian prince by birth, and now a Jesuit father, thinks it will. Nothing, in his opinion, can be more easily effected; for an agreement between the Pope, the Czar, and the Russian clergy, would secure the conversion of the whole country. Now as to the Pope, no one can doubt of his wish to promote the conversion of so extensive a country; among the Greek clergy a movement similar to English Puseyism is now at work; thus this large conquest depends only on the conversion of one man, the Czar. The Catholic press ventures a doubt whether good Father Gagarin is not too sanguine; yet the prospects held out are too brilliant not to be dwelt upon with delight. There is not one among the Catholic papers of Europe which we are in the habit of reading, which does not build great hopes upon the present Emperor of Russia. One people only refuses to join the universal eulogy: it is poor, down-trodden Poland. It complains that the Catholics of Europe suffer themselves to be misled by a few Russian converts, and to become unjust toward Poland. A leading Catholic paper of Poland, the *Review of Posen*, gives vent to this Polish grudge against Russia in a series of articles. "The Russian Catholics," it says, "are apt to indulge in illusions. One of them maintained, some years ago, publicly, that it was impossible for Emperor Nicholas to die out of the pale of the Catholic Church. It is the Polish Church which is the citadel of Catholicism in Eastern Europe. Without her there is no Catholic tradition or organization in all the Sclavonian countries. The high dignitaries and the majority of priests in Russia are Poles. All the martyrs and saints, the church-books and hymns, and all the usages of the Catholic Church of Russia are of Polish origin. It is even dangerous to speak of a Russian Church separate from the Church of Poland; for these continual efforts to turn away the attention of Europe from the religious affairs of Poland, from the persecutions and suffering of the Polish Church, loosen the ties which unite the Polish Catholics with the Catholics of the West, make their relations to the centre of unity more difficult, and mask the great danger with which the Greek schism threatens all Sclavonian Catholics." The *Review* concludes that it sees no ground at all for hope, but many reasons for fear. It mentions, in particular, that in the diocese of Podlachia, the higher clergy of the United Greek Church has been bribed, and favors the schism, and that the whole United Greek Church in Russia is threatened with ruin.

PROTESTANTISM IN TURKEY.—It is especially owing to the labors of American missionaries that Protestantism has at present a firm footing in Turkey. We alluded in a former number to the prosperous progress of the American missions. England has its Turkish Missionary Aid Society, which has already contributed to the spreading of Protestantism, and promises much more for the future. We learn from German papers that also the Protestants of Germany are beginning to take a livelier interest in the common cause of Protestantism in Turkey. They have built churches, schools, and hospitals in a number of large cities. The German-Evangelical Hospital at Constantinople, which has been for six years under the care of deaconesses from Kaiserswerth, has developed so prosperously as to require an additional building for forty more beds. In Jerusalem a house for the same deaconesses has been quite recently purchased for 15,000 thalers, and the venerable founder of this community, Pastor Hiedner, of Kaiserswerth, will spend the present spring in Jerusalem, in order to make the necessary arrangements.

DEATH OF THE REV. DR. MEDHURST.—It has pleased the Great Disposer of human events to visit the London Missionary Society with a severe and sudden loss, in which the whole evangelical Church of Europe and America will deeply sympathize. Rev. Dr. W. H. Medhurst expired on Saturday night, January 17th, at half past eight o'clock, only two days after landing in his native country. His age was sixty-one. He was first appointed to China in 1816, and had consequently spent forty years in that important portion of the missionary field. Trained under the eye of the illustrious Morrison, he was the Elisha on whose shoulders the mantle of that Elijah fell; and well was he worthy to enter into the labors of so great a prophet.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

BESIDES the cabbage, tomatoes, egg-plants, peppers, lettuce, and radishes, which are sown in the hot-bed, there should be a portion left for flower-seeds for the ladies. A taste for flowers and flower culture is refining; the flowers are inexpensive, and the pleasure derived from them great even to the rudest. Devote at least one-eighth of your hot-bed to forwarding such annuals as the beautiful phlox drummondii, choice cockscombs, balsams, or ladies' slippers, and any other annual liked that is marked half-hardy in the catalogue. Get in a few pots of the various kinds of bedding plants. Take off some slips and insert in sand. They will soon root. Pot them off singly, and by May you have nice plants for bedding. Get in your dahlia roots; they will soon sprout. Take these sprouts off, and strike as cuttings if you want abundance of plants; if not, a division of the old roots will do.

To our thinking, the less protection naturally hardy fruit trees have, the better for them. In the Middle States, at least, but little danger to fruit trees need be apprehended by exposure to cold in unprotected localities. Experience proves that trees grown upon hill-sides, or where protection is given against west and north winds, are induced to continue their growth late in the fall, whereby the wood, not being fully matured, is more liable to be killed by frost and cold; and the buds swelling early in spring, after a few days of warm sun, are destroyed by late frosts, which almost invariably appear.

As the *Kohl-rabi* or cabbage-turnip is just now attracting some attention, and as it bids fair to prove valuable, both as a vegetable for the table and as food for stock, we give here some directions as to its cultivation:

The mode of culture is the same as for cabbage, and when designed for stock the plant may be started as soon as convenient in the spring. When of sufficient size, the plants may be transplanted into well-prepared soil, and set in rows two feet apart each way. They should be well cultivated, and, before freezing in the fall, gathered into the cellar, where they may remain, with a little care, in good condition until another crop is grown. To cook them properly, peel off the outside rind, or woody fibre, and cut transversely into thin slices; then boil until tender, express the water, and serve up with melted butter.

A NEW YORKER proposes to purchase milk in large quantities of farmers living near railroads, and condensing it at the time and place of receipt, by a mode known to him, in such a manner that he takes from it the eighty-eight parts of water it contains, and retains only the nutritious portions. This residuum, which will, of course, occupy but about one-eighth the space of the original milk, he proposes then placing in large air-tight cans, in which it can be transported to any part of the world, and kept for any length of time perfectly sweet and pure. By a peculiar contrivance of the vent, the condensed milk can be drawn off from the cans in any quantities desired, without injury to the remainder. To use the condensed milk it is only necessary to add eight parts of water to it. If this plan proves practicable, it would seem easy thus to furnish for the use of cities a plentiful supply of pure milk—a great desideratum; while, at the same time, farmers, and especially dairymen, would realize a far greater profit than heretofore from their cows.

THE following an experienced cultivator gives as the best mode of cultivating the strawberry:

In April or May, having the land plowed and harrowed fine, work in manure enough to last two years, and proceed to plant in rows three feet apart; then sow between each row a row of turnip-beets, or some other vegetables of which the crop can be gathered in August; keep the ground free from weeds, allowing the plants to spread as much as they please. The next spring, as soon as the land is dry enough to work, spade over the ground one foot wide where the rows of beets stood, which will leave the beds of strawberries two feet wide, the space of one foot which was dug over making the path; then thin the plants where too thick. About the first week in June mulch the paths with fresh cut grass, when every thing is done but gathering and marketing the crop. After they are all gathered, which will be from the 5th to the 10th of July, put on a dressing of manure, and plow with a sod plow; turn over smoothly, sow with rutabaga, or corn, or oats for fodder. The first year the crop of vegetables between the rows will pay the expenses, and the strawberries are easily managed, and very certain to leave the ground well stocked with plants. The second year you will get a full crop with little labor and little annoyance from weeds. If you undertake to weed out, and continue the bed another year, you will have an almost endless job of weeding in a very busy time of the year; and if you should go to the trouble, your crop will be much smaller than the first year.

A PARABLE FROM THE GERMAN.

ADAM was nine hundred and thirty years old when he felt in himself the word of the Judge—"Thou shalt die." "Let all my sons come before me," spoke he to weeping Eve, "that I may yet see and bless them." They all came at their father's command, and stood before him, many hundred in number, and they prayed for his life. "Which of you," spake Adam, "will go to the Holy Mountain, that he may find pity for me, and bring me the fruit of the tree of life?" Immediately all his sons offered themselves; and Seth, the most pious, was chosen by his father for the message. He sprinkled his head with ashes, hastened and delayed not, until he stood before the gate of Paradise. "Let my father find pity, Merciful One," thus prayed he, "and send to him fruit from the tree of life!"

Quickly the glittering Cherub stood there, and instead of the fruit of the tree of life, he held in his hand a twig of three leaves—"Carry it to thy father," so spake he kindly; "it will console him—for eternal life dwells not on the earth. But hasten, his hour is at hand."

Swiftly Seth hastened, and threw himself down and said, "Alas! my father, I bring thee no fruit of the tree of life, this twig alone has the angel given me for thy last consolation." The dying man took the twig and was glad, for he smelled on it the fragrance of Paradise; then was his soul elevated: "My children," said he, "eternal life dwells not for us on the earth; you will follow me; but on these leaves I breathe air of another and a happier world." Then his life failed, and his spirit fled.

Adam's children buried their father, and wept for him thirty days long; but Seth wept not. He planted the twig upon his father's grave, at the head of the departed one, and named it the twig of a new life, of the awaking up out of the sleep of death.

The little twig grew up into a high tree, and many of Adam's children strengthened themselves by it, in hope of a better life. So it came to succeeding generations. It blossomed fair in the garden of David until his infatuated son began to doubt of immortality; then the twig withered, though its blossoms came among other nations. And as on a stem from this tree the Restorer of Immortality gave up his holy life, the sweet fragrance of the *new life* scattered itself around far among all nations.

AN UNEXPECTED APPLICATION.

WHEN preaching in a chapel near London, on one occasion, the Rev. Thomas Binney remarked upon inattention in allowing persons to stand in a place of worship, where there was room near at hand in the pews. He would cite, he said, an instance from his own experience. He was preaching in a chapel not over-crowded, and in one of the aisles of the chapel stood a young woman, apparently not too strong or robust, leaning upon a pew in which were only two young men—"and would you believe it?" said the preacher, "there they sat, and never opened the pew-door for that young woman; there was no occasion for them to vacate their seat, although that might not have been too much in a crowded chapel, had they been gentlemen, and had she been a servant-girl—no! no! there they sat. How strange the coincidence!" continued the preacher; "it was just such a chapel as this—the aisle was just like yonder aisle—ay, it was just this day of the week, too—just this day of the month—yes, and this very year—and in this very place—it is this very night—there is the place—there the aisle—there the pew!"

ECCENTRIC PRAYERS.

REV. NATHANIEL HOWE, of Hopkinton, exchanged with a brother on a Sabbath when the morning chanced to be rainy, and the afternoon pleasant. Observing a much larger attendance at the second service, he commenced his prayer with the following: "O Lord! have mercy on *afternoon hearers and fair weather Christians!*" When Dr. Smalley was ordained, this same minister said, in the ordaining prayer, "O Lord, may thy young servant put down the Methodists, and the Baptists, and the Universalists, and the Episcopalians, by preaching better, and praying better, and living better than they!"

A PULPIT ORATOR.

DR. THOMAS GOODWIN, such time as he was President of Magdalen College, Oxford, told me that, in the time of his youth, being then a student at Cambridge, and having heard much of Mr. Rogers, of Dedham, in Essex, purposely he took a journey to hear him preach on his lecture-day—a lecture then so strangely thronged and frequented that, to those who came not early, there was no possibility of getting room in that very spacious church. Mr. Rogers was, as he told me, at the time he heard him, on the subject of the Scripture. And in that sermon he falls into an expostulation with the people about their neglect of the Bible. He personates God to the people, and tells them, "Well, I have trusted you so long with my Bible;

you have slighted it; it lies in your houses all covered with dust and cobwebs; you care not to look into it. Do you use my Bible thus? Well, you shall have my Bible no longer." And he takes up the Bible from his cushion, and seemed as if he were going away with it and carrying it from them; but immediately turns again, and personates the people to God, falls down on his knees, cries, and pleads most earnestly, "Lord, whatever thou doest to us, take not thy Bible from us! kill our children, burn our houses, destroy our goods,—only spare us thy Bible, only take not away thy Bible!" And then he personates God again to the people: "Say you so? Well, I will try you a while longer; and here is my Bible for you; I will see how you will use it, whether you will love it more, whether you will observe it more, whether you will value it more, practice it more, and live more according to it." But by these actions, and this discourse (as the Doctor told me), he put all the congregation into so strange a posture that he never saw any congregation in his life; the place was a mere *Bochim*—the people generally, as it were, deluged with their own tears—and he told me, that he himself, when he got out and was to take horse again to be gone, was fain to hang a quarter of an hour upon the neck of his horse weeping before he had power to mount: so strange an impression was there upon him, and generally upon the people, upon having been thus expostulated with for the neglect of the Bible.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A WEEK or two ago the following sharpest of all Sheridan's hits would have hit well in the American Parliament. Sheridan was one day much annoyed by a fellow-member who kept crying out every few minutes, "Hear, hear." At length, while describing a political opponent, who wished to play the rogue but had only sense enough to act the fool, Sheridan exclaimed, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave, or a more knavish fool than he?" "*Hear, hear,*" cried the troublesome member. Sheridan turned round, and thanking him for the information, sat down in the midst of a roar of laughter.

A bill was brought into the House of Assembly, in Jamaica, to regulate the harbor-masters. Mr. Paul Phipps, a distinguished member, said: "Mr. Speaker, I very much approve the bill. The harbor-masters are a set of knaves. I was one myself for ten years."

When the celebrated Joseph Lancaster was in Washington he delivered a lecture in the House of Representatives from the Speaker's chair. Mr. Clay, then Speaker, complimented him by saying the chair had never been filled so well. Mr. Lancaster very modestly replied, that "Man, in his best estate, was of very little account; that the Speaker's chair had never been filled with *any thing better than Clay!*"

A burial society has recently commenced in the county of Lancaster, the first printed article of which runs thus: "That whereas many persons find it difficult to bury *themselves.*"

Clem used to sweep out the school-house and so picked up much useful learning; so he said to Cæsar, "Which do you tink is de mose useful ob de commets—de sun or de moon?"

"Well, Clem, I don't tink I should be able to anser dat question, seein as how I neber hab much book larnin."

"Well, Cæsar, I spect de moon orto to take de fust rank in dat ticlar."

"Why so?"

"Kase de moon shines in de night when we need de light, and de sun shines in de day time when de light am ob no consequence."

An eloquent writer, in his letters to young men, exhorts them to "wrap themselves in their virtue;" but we know there are many in these parts who, if they had no more covering, would freeze to death.

Time was when girls their bonnets wore
Projecting half a yard before;
When beauty was thus hidden deep,
'Twas something e'en to get a peep;
But now—oh women's fickle mind!
They wear their bonnets all behind;
While men their features hide with hair,
The ladies go with faces bare,
And fancy all admire who stare!
So this will pass in history's page,
As English women's bare-faced age.

Why should B come before C? Because any one *must* be before he can *see*.

Why should a sailor always know what o'clock it is? Because he is always going to sea.

Bacon says, or at least is reputed to have said, that "Beautiful persons rarely are otherwise of great virtue." If so, they who marry for beauty are woefully taken in. But Bacon's sayings are far from being inspired.

But such beauties as Lady Coventry are in proof of Bacon's wisdom. She killed herself with painting—actually daubing herself with white so as to stop perspiration; and so she died.

RAILROAD EPITAPH.

Sister, mother, aunt and me
Were run over. Here we be.
We should have had time to mizzle,
If they'd blown the engine whistle.

The Cheltenham *Free Press* (an English paper), in deep indignation at the funeral of a suicide, says: "They buried her like a dog, *with all her clothes on.*"

Children talk of what they are doing, young people of what they will do, and old people of what they have done. The present, the future, the past.

When *Daniel* Webster was traveling in the West, a distinguished citizen, on being introduced to him, said, "Mr. Webster, I have studied your spelling-book and dictionary, but I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"Arrah, Teddy, an' wasn't yer name Teddy O'Byrne before you left ould Ireland?"

"Sure it was, my darlint."

"But, my jewel, why then do you add the s, and call it Teddy O'Byrnes, now?"

"Why, hav'nt I been married since I kem to Amiriky! And are you so ignorant of gramatics that you don't know when one thing is added to another it becomes a plural?"

Dean Mavrie, a large land-owner and an exemplary man, was exceedingly eccentric in some of his notions. His courtship was said to be as follows: Having one day mounted his horse, with only one sheepskin as a saddle, he rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and, without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him. On her coming he told her that the Lord had sent him to marry her. Betty replied, "The Lord's will be done."

Troubles are like babies, that only grow bigger by nursing.

When Ivan Malakhoff was turned out of the Russian dock-yards as a drunkard, and opened a tavern on the now famous hill, which came to be called after him, in honor of his good liquors, he little thought that his family appellation would give a ducal title to a Marshal of France.

How many sick ones
Wish they were healthy;
How many beggar men
Wish they were wealthy;
How many ugly ones
Wish they were pretty;
How many stupid ones
Wish they were witty;
How many bachelors
Wish they were married;
How many benedicts
Wish they had tarried.
Single or double,
Life's full of trouble;
Riches are stubble,
Pleasure's a bubble.

In England the latest returns show that out of the entire population the Smiths reckon 1 in 73; Jones, 1 in 76; Williams, 1 in 115; Taylor, 1 in 148; Davies, 1 in 162; Brown, 1 in 174. If Brown feels aggrieved at his position on this list, he may find comfort in knowing that his initial letter commences more English names than any other letter in the alphabet.

Fears being entertained for the safety of the man who attained the pinnacle of bliss, he was requested to come down. The man who arrived at the summit of happiness does not think much of the prospect.

In one of the Northern counties of England, when the judge concluded his charge to the jury, with the words, "Now, gentlemen, lay your heads together and consider your verdict;" down went every head in the box, and an official approached, armed with a long wand. If any unlucky juror inadvertently raised his head, down came the stick upon his pate; and so they continued till the truth was *struck out* in their verdict—an excellent plan for expediting business.

A shoemaker received a note from a lady to whom he was particularly attached, requesting him to make her a pair of shoes, and not knowing exactly the style she required, he dispatched a written missive to her, whether she would have them "*Wround or Esq Toad.*" The fair one, indignant at this nice specimen of orthography, immediately replied, "*Knethre.*"

"There's where the boys fit for college," said the Professor to Mrs. Partington, pointing to the school in Bedford Street. "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation; "and if they fit for college before they went, they didn't fight afterward?" "Yes," said he, smiling and favoring the conceit; "yes, but the fight was with the head, and not with the hands." "Butted, did they?"

"I say, John, where did you get that loafer's hat?" "Please, your honor," said John, "it's an *old hat of yours*, that Missus gave me yesterday."

Thoughts of the dead are always sad, and yet
Those we have loved we never can forget.
Kind eyes looked sweetly through the shadowy gloom,
And mournful voices whisper from the tomb.

To think too poorly of yourself is a weakness; to think too well of yourself is a folly."

Chief Justice Tindal, speaking of a sermon that he had heard a long time before, said, "It was an excellent sermon, I know; I only forgot all about it three weeks ago."

I asked my love, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay—
By what sweet name from Rome or Greece,
Næra, Laura, Daphne, Chloris,
Carina, Lalage, or Doris,
Dorimene or Lucrece.

Ah, replied my gentle fair,
Dear one, what are names but air?
Choose thou whatever suits the line,
Call me Laura, call me Chloris,
Call me Lalage or Doris,
Only, only call me "Thine."

A lawyer went up to Albany the other day, to see Governor King, for the purpose of "lobbying" out of Sing Sing a notorious convict, called on his Excellency with a petition of pardon, and humbly prayed that —— should be liberated. "I'd see him *hung* first," was the Governor's prompt reply, and the "petitioner" left with a "flea in his ear."

An eminent painter was asked what he mixed his colors with to produce so extraordinary an effect?

"I mix them with brains, Sir," was his reply.

"You have a right to challenge any of the jury you please," said the counsel, to a testy client who was under indictment.

"And so I will," he replied; "if they don't bring me off handsomely, I'll challenge every one of them!"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday Evening, March* 2, 1857.

THE trade operations of the week at this port continue to show remarkable activity as compared with those of corresponding week last year. The two compare as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Feb. 28, 1857	$5,448,732....	$1,539,747
Corresponding week, 1856	3,505,816....	1,106,955
Increase this year	$1,943,916....	$432,792

Owing to the dullness of Exchange, and the accumulation of bills in the hands of bankers, the fears of a specie drain much below the ten million point have generally subsided. But the diminished arrivals from California and the general activity of the import trade still check speculation, and keep money pretty dear. The minimum rate to-day is 7 per cent, and first-class paper is freely done at 9 and 10.

The Cotton market is greatly stimulated by the news from Europe, a rise of $^3/_{16}$ being announced by the last arrival. This places the bale of 500 pounds at $80 00, the highest price reached for many years. The financial news from Europe is without material change; the Bank of England continues to lose gold, but the Funds are well maintained.

The Tariff Bill has not yet passed; the Committee of Conference meets to-day.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday Evening, March* 2, 1857.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets displayed considerable activity during the week. Breadstuffs were in good demand. Flour was freely offered at easier rates, which induced a better inquiry for it. Western Canal Flour closes at $6 15 @ $7 00 for ordinary to fancy, and $6 55 @ $8 50 for low to choice extra brands; superfine to extra Canadian has declined to $6 25 @ $7 50; while mixed to extra Southern can be had at $6 65 @ $8 75 per barrel. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are saleable and steady. Wheat is sparingly offered, and purchased at prices ranging from $1 65 @ $1 80 for White, and $1 40 @ $1 60 for Red, per bushel. Rye, Barley, and Oats are in fair request, and are quoted firm. Mixed Corn is plentier and brisker, closing, however, rather languidly at 70½ @ 72½ c., in store and delivered, per bushel. Cotton is not pressed on the market, while being actively sought after and on the advance. Middling Uplands command 13½ @ 13¾ c.; and do. Gulfs 14 @ 14½ c. per pound. Provisions attracted more attention, at decidedly better prices, but close heavily, with more willingness among factors to satisfy buyers. Mess Pork is worth $23 50; prime do. $18 75 @ $19 00; Country Mess Beef $11 00 @ $13 00; do. prime do. $10 00 @ $11 00, per barrel; and Prime Mess Beef, $21 00 @ $29 00 per tierce. Lard is dull and drooping. Prime, in barrels, can now be had at 14 @ 14½ c. per pound. The latest Western advices report the Hog slaughtering of last season as deficient 26 per cent. in number and 5 per cent. in weight, as compared with the returns of the preceding season. Groceries are in improved demand, at steady prices. Stock, March 2d, about 96,000 packages Coffee, 5731 hogsheads and 2328 barrels Molasses, with 12,092 hogsheads and 25,620 boxes Sugar. Coal is dull and heavy. Fish are more in request, and are quoted very firm. Hay is plenty, and down to 90 c. @ $1 10 per 100 pounds. Demand moderate. Hemp, hops, and Grass-seeds are inactive, at old figures. A good inquiry exists for Hides and Leather, at full prices. Naval Stores, Oils, and Spices are rather lightly dealt in at unchanged rates. Tallow is less sought after, and is now worth but 12½ @ 12½ c. per pound. Tobacco is quiet yet steady. Stock of domestic in the Inspection Warehouse, to-day, 4905 hogsheads. Domestic Whisky is in request, and is firm at 28 @ 28½ c. per gallon. Wool seems less active at former quotations.

The Live Stock Market was fairly supplied, and prices generally drooped, though buyers evinced no reluctance to purchase. The week's receipts, according to returns from the principal markets, reached 3757 Beeves, 220 Milch Cows, 504 Veal Calves, 8956 Sheep and Lambs, and 1732 Swine, against 3227 Beeves, 264 Milch Cows, 374 Veal Calves, 6945 Sheep and Lambs, and 1325 Swine, the preceding week. The bulk of the Beeves came from five States—Ohio, New York, Kentucky, Illinois, and Indiana. The range of prices for Beeves at the Forty-fourth Street Market on Wednesday last was from 9 for the poorest to 14 c. for premium cattle, per pound, the general average rates—as shown by the returns of sales—being 10½ c. per pound. Milch Cows, with their Calves at their sides, find ready purchasers at full rates. Veal Calves are plentier, and though pretty briskly inquired for, they are procurable at from 5½ @ 7½ c. per pound. Sheep and Lambs were in fair request at steady prices, up to the closing day, when they were more freely offered than bought, and they fell off 25 @ 50 c. per head. Swine are abundant and heavy at 6½ @ 7 c. for live, and 8½ @ 9½ c. for dressed, per pound.

The Country Produce Market exhibits no important alterations. The general supply is fair, and the demand is moderate. The mild weather of the week favored a healthy business in this line. A snow-storm closes the week, with a rather poor prospect for farmers having produce ready to send to market, and for consumers having still to secure supplies. The Hudson River Navigation has been resumed, most likely for the season, and this will probably help to furnish the market with stocks of farm, garden, and barn-yard produce, which buyers will really need. Last year, Hudson River Navigation was not resumed before the 10th of April.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel...	$2 50	@	$5 00
" good to extra, per barrel....	$5 00	@	$7 00
" Dried, State, per pound.....	10½	@	11½
" " Southern, per pound..	9	@	10
Cranberries, per barrel...........	$11 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound..........	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel..........	$1 00	@	$1 50
Potatoes, per barrel..............	$1 75	@	$4 00
Onions, Red, per barrel...........	$2 50	@	—
" Yellow, per barrel...........	$2 25	@	$2 50
" White, per barrel...........	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings..............	$2 50	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel........	$1 25	@	—
Beets, per barrel.................	$1 50	@	$2 00
Parsnips, per barrel..............	$1 50	@	—
Turnips, per barrel...............	37½	@	$1 00
Cabbages, per 100.................	$3 50	@	$7 00
Celery, per dozen.................	$1 00	@	$1 25
Garlic, per 100 bunches...........	$7 00	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound........	15	@	22
" State, per pound............	20	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound..........	12½	@	13½
Lard, per pound...................	14	@	15
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen............	25	@	27
Fowls, per pound..................	12	@	18
Ducks, Domestic, per pound........	15	@	17½
Turkeys, per pound................	9	@	14
Geese, per pound..................	7½	@	10
Pigeons, per dozen................	$1 50	@	$1 75
Quail, per dozen..................	$2 00	@	—
Partridges, per pair..............	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair............	62½	@	75
Rabbits, per pair.................	31	@	37
Hares, per pair...................	50	@	62½
Venison, carcass, per pound.......	6	@	8
" saddle, per pound...........	9	@	11
Bear Meat, per pound..............	18	@	31

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